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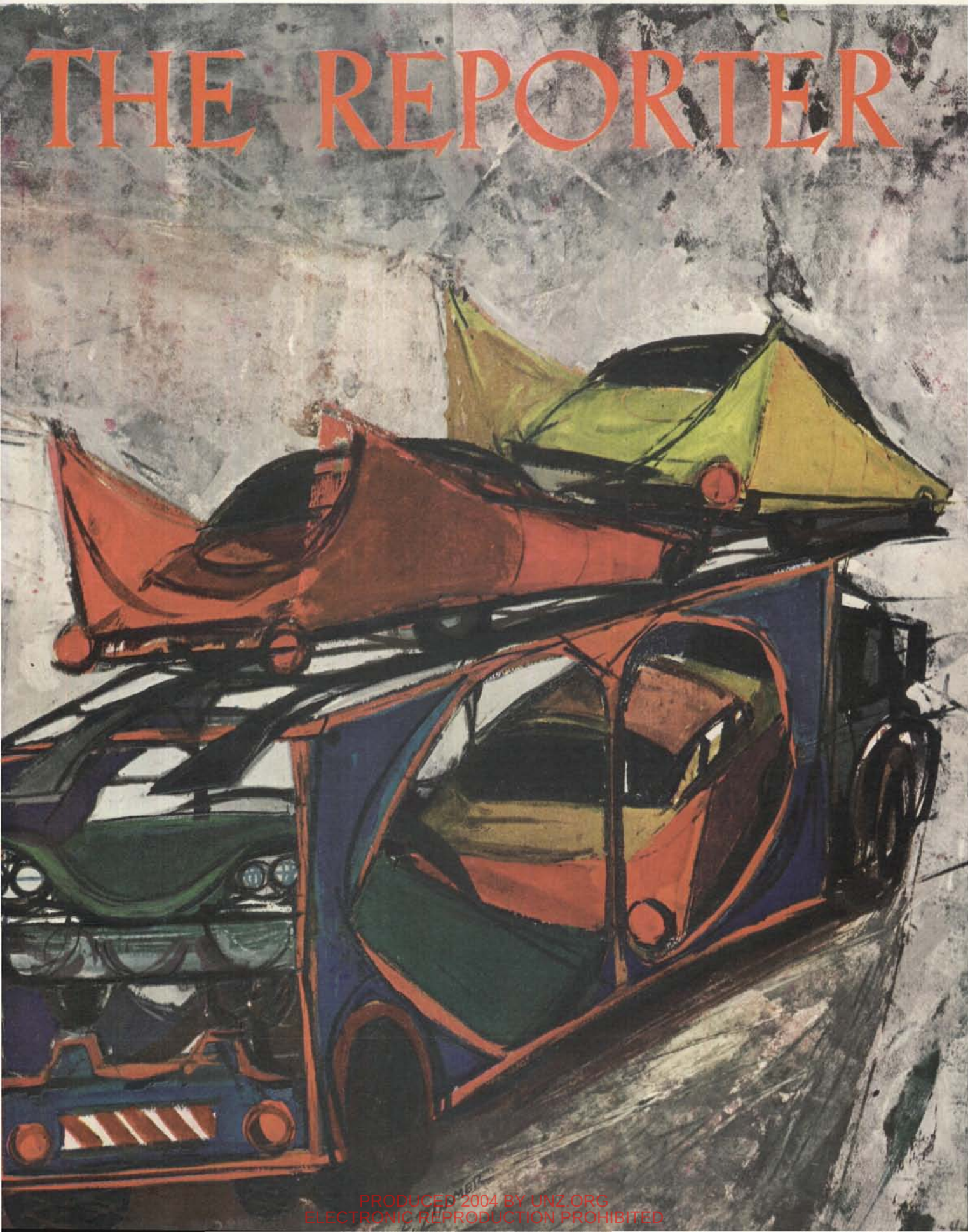

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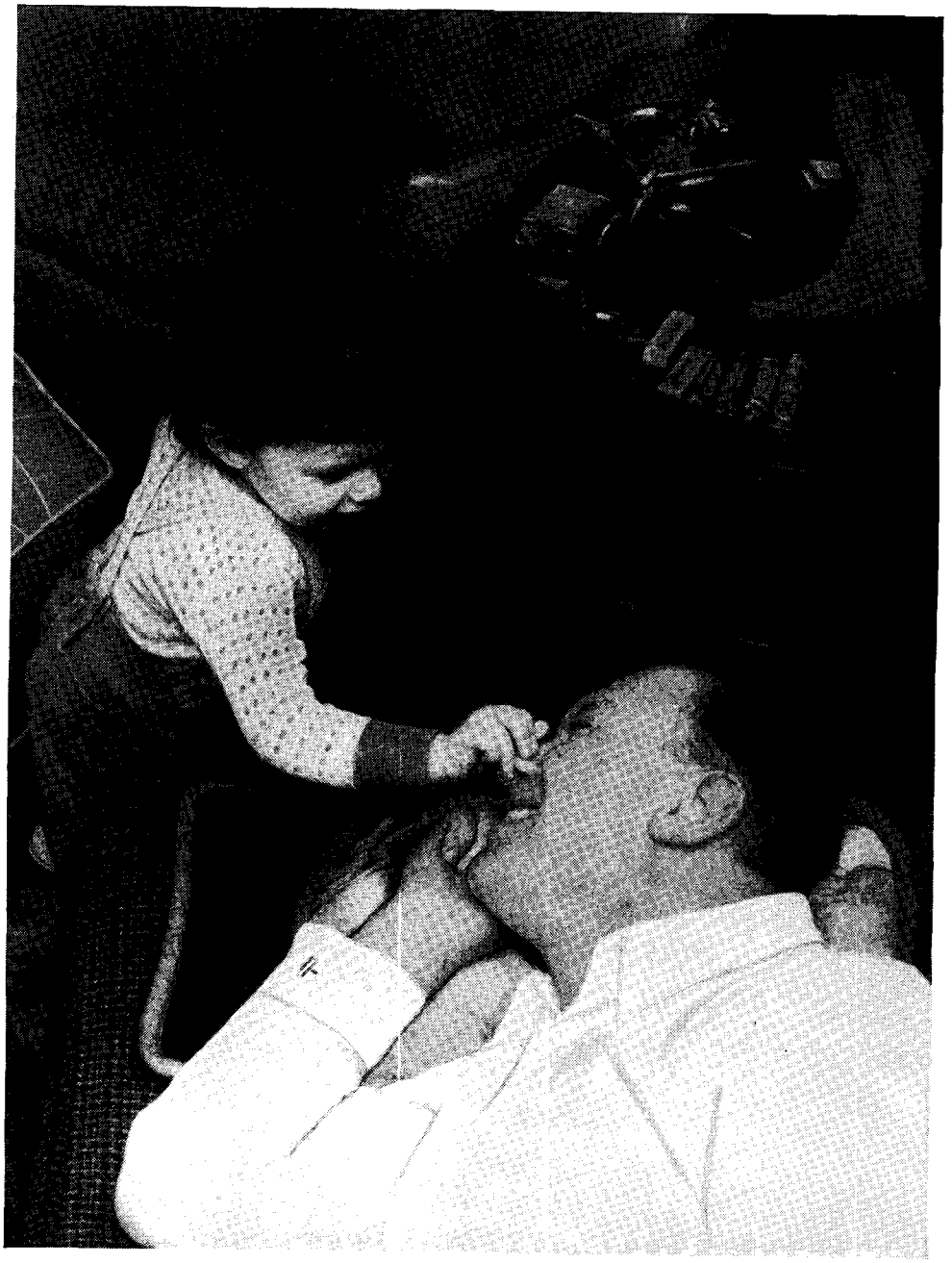

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Very, Very Few

Some inscrutable design of destiny seems to have given an autumnal quality to this spring season. Tributes are being paid to eminent men who for various reasons have relinquished positions of high trust.

When the news came that John Foster Dulles had resigned, we had a feeling of shock equaled only by our surprise at being shocked. Something of the same sort happened a few days before when we read of Walter Robertson's resignation from the State Department. Mr. Robertson was more than anyone else responsible for the fanatical stubbornness of our Far Eastern policy. He had come to embody the cause of not recognizing China, and had provided that cause with a formidable array of arguments, some impressive, some ludicrous—including the one, endlessly repeated, that Mao Tse-tung can only be considered representative of the Chinese people to the degree that William Z. Foster represents the American people.

Mr. Robertson is a passionate and dedicated man. How many passionate and dedicated men do we have left in public life? This thought hit us with more compelling impact when we learned of Mr. Dulles's resignation. True, we urged the President to retire his Secretary of State as soon as the hopeless character of the disease became obvious. In fact, we had thought that Mr. Dulles should have been retired when, in perfect health, he was incessantly busy in concocting policies and schemes, all by himself, high up in the air while flying from one continent to another.

Mr. Dulles has exhibited the most arrogant reliance upon his own mind, and a redoubtable capacity to coin unforgettable phrases from which he could not possibly free himself. But that mind, we must add, is an immensely articulate and formidable one. He cherished the loneliness of thinking his own thoughts, devising his own plans, perhaps well beyond the point of safety for the nation and for himself. All this he did in the era of corporate, impersonal, noncommittal thinking. He always acted with the supreme confidence of a man in direct communication with his God. Yet it must be remembered that he was a deep, fervent believer well before the vogue of flaccid religiosity swept our country.

We have too much respect for Mr. Dulles to take back any of the criticism we leveled at him during his tenure of office. In fact, we never liked him. But there are so few men in our day and country with the capacity to follow a sustained train of thought, to be themselves to the farthest reaches of loneliness and of risk. Mr. Dulles has proved to be one of the very, very few. When we learned of his resignation, we knew that our lives had become the poorer.

Redeeming the Present

Konrad Adenauer's decision to step aside as German chancellor, even though it may not have been his own idea, will nevertheless not mean his departure from the political scene. He is obviously determined to help choose a successor, guide his initial steps, and ensure that Germany remains fixed on the course he has defined.

This has been scornfully called "the Restoration" by some, thereby stressing the old-fashioned aspect of the man and his régime; and there is no denying that Konrad Adenauer seems more like a character in *Buddenbrooks* than a postwar TV personality. Yet what such criticism overlooks is the very strength and virtue of this anachronism. Europe, which has been ravaged by two insane wars, has still been able to recollect the shattered decencies of fifty years ago.

Adenauer, De Gasperi, Schuman—these three old men, after the debacle of the Second World War, picked up the pieces and gave Europe a unity, a prosperity, a hopefulness that all the bold young radicals, whether from Left or Right, miserably failed to do. Of these, Adenauer's achievement has been the greatest, for his task was a nearly impossible one. Think back fifteen years, remember all those ingenious and farfetched plans for "solving the German problem," and then look at West Germany today—a free country, a solid ally of the West, a leader in European unification—and you will then have some measure of Adenauer's performance. He made us realize how we had failed to appreciate the hidden spiritual strength of European civility.

That many just criticisms can be made of Adenauer there is no doubt. He *is* authoritarian in manner, obstinate in temper, patriarchal in his self-regard. Yet there are times when democracies need precisely such

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qualities in their leaders, just as there are times when the past comes to the rescue of the future, by redeeming the present.

These Things Were Said

¶ The Mongolian Communist Party has dismissed Darj Damba from his posts of second secretary of the party's central committee and membership in its politburo, Tass reported today.

The reasons given were lack of principles, insincere attitude towards the party, profound ideological and political backwardness, conservatism, inertia, arrogance, absence of a critical attitude toward himself and opportunist tolerance of distortions and shortcoming in work.—*Reuters Dispatch.*

¶ We have a hell of an influence abroad. If we wanted to disseminate information, we could do it faster than any other agency. Yeah, certainly faster than the State Department. And the Communists know it. —*Alfred N. Steele, chairman of the board of Pepsi-Cola.*

FELIX FRANKFURTER'S TRIBUTE TO LEARNED HAND

It is a rare occasion indeed when real human greatness receives its proper tribute of honor. But this was the case when, on April 10, 1959, at the fiftieth-anniversary celebration of Learned Hand's appointment as a Federal judge, Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter of the Supreme Court rose and delivered the address we are happy to publish here. —M.A.

May it please this audience: If Learned Hand is not to suffocate, one of us ought to desist from adding to the outpour of libations. Age, and a precious friendship of fifty years, perhaps make it appropriate that I undertake the uncongenial task of saving the man from the legend. Strange as it may sound, Judge Hand has, if not defects, certainly limitations. I have time to deal with only one of them. He has not been true to the test of the most important teaching of Socrates: "Know thyself."

With ample opportunities of self-knowledge, and after he had reached the Psalmist's age, he thus summed up his life:

"My life"—and since I like to be modern, I ought to say, and I quote—"My life has been uneventful, unadventurous, easy, safe and pleasant." Could you really pick five more inadequate and inaccurate adjectives to summarize his life?

Uneventful—if events take place merely in the world of action and not in the arena of the mind.

Unadventurous—if adventure requires the scaling of Mt. Everest and crossing Antarctica, and if there be no adventures of thought.

Easy—can it really have been easy for him all these years to interpret the mysteries and the mumbo-jumbo of the nine Delphic oracles, and, at pain of a spanking, find clarity in darkness?

Safe—has his life been safe, secure? He, safe and secure, who has been buffeted and battered by the largest self-doubt of any human being I have ever encountered?

And then he says "pleasant." Well, he has something there, but it is a sly bit of truth. Would he have had as much pleasure in life if he hadn't been there?

Really, for one who is conceded to be the greatest master of English speech on the bench since Holmes laid down his pen, that is a strange show of the misuse of language.

He won't mind, I hope, if I shall try to teach him a lesson in truth-speaking, even about one's self. And so, in substitution of his five inaccurate, inept adjectives I offer you my five adjectives: daring, romantic, antediluvian, sophisticated and lucky.

Daring—of course, daring. In a world in which the pressures for conformity are so on the increase, he has dared to be gaily and solemnly himself. He has dared to challenge passion, prejudice and intolerance, even when parading in the name of patriotism and supported by the voice of the multitude.

Romantic—isn't the man a romantic, the windows of whose mind are open to every wind of doctrine and who is ready to find the Holy Grail in the most unlikely places?

Antediluvian—is not our Judge antediluvian, who is guided by the reason of which he is the trustee and the delegate, and not the inventor, who deems his duty limited as a judge's duty should be limited and does not feel empowered to remold the world according to his heart's desire?

Sophisticated—is a man not sophisticated who doubts his own basic premises and yet is guided by them until he discovers better ones?

Lucky—he has achieved the one thing in life that makes all the rest bearable—a happy marriage. Sheer luck! And he has been lucky in his failures. When years ago he offered himself to the electorate of New York [as a candidate for the New York Court of Appeals], they declined to send him to Albany. Now, hasn't he had a better time in New York than he could possibly have had in Albany, native city though it be? And with every respect—with every respect—for that great court, with awareness of his filial attachment to it and high regard for the great men, the truly great men, who have graced that court, surely it is a fact that the range of litigation, the problems that have come before this court, have been more teasing and exciting even than the problems that come before the great court in Albany.

Finally—and here I may not have all of you or any of you with me; I can't help that—finally, he was lucky in not having drawn a successful ticket in that odd lottery by which men are picked for the Supreme Court of the United States. In the first place, down there his views would have been diluted eight-ninths and here only two-thirds. In the second place, I think almost inevitably, though certainly as authenticated by history, the controversies down there are more strident than they are in the quietude of Foley Square. In the plenitude of Learned Hand's gifts, one of them has been denied him, I think. I do not think he has *gaudium* certaminis, the joy of battle. Again, he certainly would have, because he should have, found himself more circumscribed in the life in Washington. He would have found himself more contained within the curtilage of the court and, thus, we would have been denied the moral leadership, the great influence of his courageous and eloquent free spirit all these years.

He has demonstrated and given heartening proof of the fact that moral influence, achievement of excellence, the fertilization of thought are not dependent upon place. And so, although Mr. Justice Holmes felt that the right place for Judge Hand, even while he was still a District Judge, was Washington, and, if you will forgive me for saying so, although I spent not a little part of my life to promote that end as opportunity availed, I insist with deep conviction that he was lucky in not having won out in that strange lottery.

But luckier have we been that he was endowed with these gifts and has put them to the uses to which he has put them. After every one of us in this room will no longer be here, long after that, Learned Hand will still be serving society so long as law will continue to exercise its indispensable role in helping to unravel the tangled skein of the human situation.

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[NUMBER V]

Shopping at the whiskey store is a glorious experience, to be sure. And a frustrating one. There are so many pretty things to buy that one is like the theoretical horse, equidistant between two piles of hay, who starves to death before he decides which to eat. This will never do, of course. ☞ Therefore we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have gone to no little effort and expense to make pictures of the various bottles so you can "home in on them," as they say. If this catalogue helps you in your quest we will feel richly repaid for our trouble. ☞ Naturally, we can't tell you *which* to choose much as each of us would like to give you a hint. It's maddening to sit here not knowing which one will enjoy your favors. Perhaps the most humane thing would be to try all, in succession. Unless you are rich in which case you can scoop us all up at one time and have a tasting panel or an Irish Whiskey Festival replete with song and witticism. ☞ While Irish Whiskeys have marked, interesting differences, one from another, all share an emphatic deliciousness; a *burnished* distinctiveness of flavor. As you will discover. ☞ Ah, and haven't you the whole great world before you.

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CORRESPONDENCE

'WE'LL FURNISH THE WAR'

To the Editors: As Douglass Cater points out ("Government by Publicity," *The Reporter*, March 19 and April 2), the relationship between the press and government is an important problem of today. Let me point out, however, that it is not a new problem. The "sensationalistic" newspaper writing of William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer, during the late 1890's, greatly influenced American public opinion to demand war with Spain. Both men, competing for a larger circulation, exaggerated and greatly magnified the conditions in Cuba, misleading the American public. President McKinley did not want war, but the public, greatly influenced by Pulitzer and Hearst, demanded it. In early April of 1898, McKinley sent a war message to Congress. It seems evident that the Spanish-American War could have been avoided, if not for the sensationalism of the newspapers.

EDWARD M. FRIEDLANDER
University of Pittsburgh

To the Editors: Government by publicity is government by public opinion. Government by public opinion is not a government by brains but by emotions. Consequently it is the worst type of irrational authority one could theoretically imagine. In fact, what we have in this country today and thoughtlessly claim to be a sacrosanct part of our way of living is some sort of over-organized anarchy.

MARIAN F. AXEL, M.D.
New York City

To the Editors: I can't resist a note of exuberance about Douglass Cater's piece in *The Reporter*, which I've just finished reading. I would have thought I was more or less incapable of being given any new thoughts or insights into what I am doing, but that proved not to be so.

I suppose to each guy here a different point will strike home. To me it was the importance of the decisions the reporter makes, which I had been aware of but had not articulated in my own mind. The one cause of fairly severe eight-hour-day suffering I have had is the after-the-story awareness of how I have been terribly misleading by not knowing my own subject properly. I have been innocent, but we all know what the road to Hell is paved with. I discover Nixon has read some piece of mine, or even Lyndon Johnson. And suppose it's not quite right? It's bad enough to mislead the public, but perhaps the greatest damage is in the centers of power. I hope I haven't perpetrated too many bad ones, but any single one can be dangerous.

A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

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KISSINGER AND THE EGGHEAD

To the Editors: Henry A. Kissinger's "The Policymaker and the Intellectual," in the March 5 *Reporter*, is a notable contribution to public policy. It should stimulate discussion and analysis in an area in desperate need of both.

I have no quarrel with Mr. Kissinger's analysis or his general approach. What he says is acute, fair-minded, and generally right. My concern is mainly with what he has left unsaid, and with the proper role of the intellectual in a democratic society. What he left unsaid was the question of the *channels* of influence and power available to the intellectual; and what he left open, or did not (in my opinion) analyze correctly, was a clarification of the sphere in which the intellectual can usefully function in a civilization that is bedeviled by complexities that are increasingly too fantastic for the average citizen to grasp.

One point needs clarification at the outset—namely, the prestige position of the intellectual in American society. It has been a long-standing cliché, especially in liberal circles, that Americans have no respect for intellectuals, that they despise them as "longhairs" and highbrowed "eggheads" too impractical to be entrusted with any position of power. This is no longer as true as it used to be. Today, intellectuals are found in high public positions, as governors, commissioners, congressmen, and senators. When professional writers like Richard Neuberger and brilliant professors like Paul Douglas, Hubert Humphrey, and Eugene McCarthy (not to mention J. William Fulbright, Mike Mansfield, and Wayne Morse) can be triumphantly elected and re-elected to the Senate, one may seriously wonder what truth there still is in the hoary stereotype that the American people are hostile to men of the mind.

In fact, the American people show considerable respect for the intellectual. One public-opinion poll, conducted about a dozen years ago, confirmed this. Asked which of a list of twenty-three occupations were considered "excellent," "good," or "average," fifty-three per cent ranked the college professor as excellent and another forty per cent as good. Scientists were given approximately the same rating.

THE ESSENTIAL question is: What is the role that the intellectual can, and should, properly play in this unique mass-industrial-democratic society? I use the term "properly" to imply a maximum of effectiveness and a minimum of frustration. On this question Kissinger's essay neglects to analyze the sphere of the intellectual's operation and the division of his functions.

I should say that there are three areas of operation for the intellectual: *specialist-adviser*, *governmental functionary*, and *free-lance critic*. An individual intellectual may be all three at some time during his career. But he can't be all three at the same time. To

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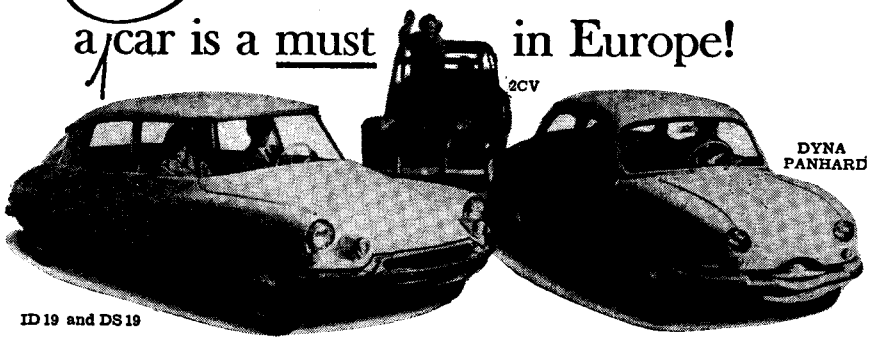

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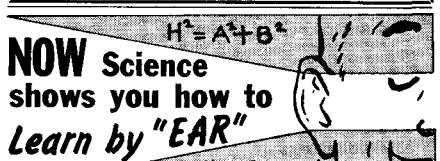

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lump all the functions together, as I believe Kissinger did by implication, is to create confusion and to compound pessimism in regard to the role of the intellectual in American life.

The function of specialist-adviser is a highly important one in a vastly specialized society, but it should have its limits. The specialist should leave policy decision and execution to the administrator, if for no other reason than that the administrator, by virtue of his position, must take into consideration other variables of which a specialist may not be cognizant. He must also take into account political forces and pressures, often irrational (but very human) motivations and expectations that lie beyond the range or sympathy of the specialist.

This brings me to the second function of the intellectual, that of government (or corporation) official. There is nothing wrong with an intellectual serving government or a corporation in one capacity or another. Many have done so in the past and will undoubtedly continue to do so in future. But it should be kept in mind that while in office, the intellectual is no longer a free agent, responsible only to his own will and conscience, but an official whose first duty must necessarily be to the organization that employs him. If the intellectual cannot accept this basic obligation, he has no right to take the job in the first place.

The third function of the intellectual, that of critic, is perhaps the most important of all. The critic may assume many guises—essayist, novelist, commentator, journalist, agitator, philosopher, preacher, reformer, nonconformist—but by whatever name he goes, his role is absolutely vital. He is the man who shakes his fist, who says "No," who acts like Cassandra, who cries woe, who demands justice, who exposes corruption; who proposes Utopias, who shouts that the king is naked. Woe to any civilization that has no critics—even if they are oddballs, crackpots, and do-gooders. Without the critic and his passion and his right to be heard, society degenerates into institutionalized corruption or ascends to the deadly euphoria of "Togetherness." Then—if unchallenged by the harsh voice of the critic—the cemetery gently takes over.

But to fulfill his role of critic, the intellectual needs channels to express himself. In the past, a Jeremiah or a Jesus could talk in the market place and reach the people. Today we have no market places. The people can be reached only through the printing presses, radio, and television. But with the exception of books and a handful of magazines like *The Reporter,* these media are not available to the critic of society or to the challenger of established values. Thus the American critic's voice is largely silenced, precisely at a moment in history when he is desperately needed. This is the real crisis in our culture—which Kissinger's essay did not even touch upon.

Unless the critic's function is fully recognized and honored, and unless he is given ample chances for free expression, I fear that we shall be stifled in our smugness and stumble along the fatal road taken by great nations in the past. I can think of no greater need today than this recognition of the proper role of the intellectuals and the provision of opportunities to make them heard throughout the land. We have wealth, we have political freedom, we have mass media—but what good will all that do in the absence of a vigorous intellectual life?

SAUL K. PADOVER
New York

FOREIGN SUPPLIERS FOR TVA

To the Editors: In *The Reporter's* Notes of March 19 you refer to TVA's recent statement defending its controversial $12-million steam-turbine-generator award to the British firm of Parsons. Since the TVA statement contained a number of errors and false assumptions, I feel it is important to set the facts straight.

For example, while TVA does not dispute the fact that British wage rates are far below American wage rates, its statement mistakenly asserts that the difference in labor costs between Parsons and the American companies on this contract would only be $1.5 million. (The difference in bids between the British firm and Westinghouse was close to $6 million.)

It is obvious that TVA has taken a stated figure on man-hours of direct factory labor and multiplied it by an average industry wage figure. Neither figure is correct for the problem at hand. The figure on man-hours used by TVA covered just the time of the factory employees who would have been working directly on this particular order—the people, in other words, whose jobs are directly affected by the loss of this work to foreign labor. The figure did not cover the service employees in the factories such as crane operators, production clerks, inspectors, material handlers, and supervisors.

The cost of such service and supporting personnel is about twice as much as the direct labor cost generally. Then, too, the cost of research and development people, who have kept American industry out ahead of the world in quality and efficiency of this heavy electrical equipment, is completely ignored in the TVA cost estimate.

As for the figure used by TVA as a multiplier, the average wage rate for the electrical industry as a whole is not as high as the rate paid to the highly skilled labor employed in building the big steam-turbine generators and similar heavy apparatus. So it is apparent that the "guesstimate" of TVA is not even close to the true labor costs involved in such a job.

You mention that neither G.E. nor Westinghouse bid on the basis of "liquidated damages"—a provision whereby the manufacturer would pay thousands of dollars per day for each day that delivery might be late. It is significant that the TVA never before had included a liquidated-damages clause in a steam-turbine-generator bid. Such a provision would demand of the successful bidder a great amount of costly, detailed record keeping merely for the purpose of protecting himself against liability for delivery delays beyond his control. This would add unnecessarily to the cost of production and is not a normal way of doing business. And it would have worked only one way, because TVA was not offering to pay a bonus for delivery ahead of schedule.

It is not on the basis of economic hardship, however, that the electrical manufacturers are making their case for limitations on imports of heavy electric-power apparatus. It is on the basis of national security. This particular TVA award is the biggest step yet in the steady trend toward making key areas in our country's vital power network dependent on foreign repairs and maintenance—repairs that could be cut off completely in time of war.

In its statement, TVA claims that Parsons has the facilities and personnel in Canada to provide prompt repair service and maintenance for such big steam-turbine generators as the 500,000-kilowatt Colbert Station unit. This cannot be supported by the facts.

Parsons has no manufacturing plant in Canada. In its bid, Parsons said they have just three service engineers in Toronto to handle service in the whole North American continent. Furthermore, *no* Canadian plant could perform a major repair on a big steam-turbine generator. The unit would have to be shipped back to England or else major parts would have to be shipped from England to Canada—if overseas transportation were possible, which might not be the case in time of war.

The British themselves apparently determined this matter of national security long ago, since the British Central Electricity Authority does not buy foreign-made heavy electrical apparatus. The British Authority knows it cannot depend on foreign supply for spare parts and maintenance in time of emergency, and has so stated publicly.

Nor do other countries capable of building their own heavy power equipment buy it from foreign lands. We export such equipment to countries that must buy from abroad because they have no choice. Fortunately, such countries recognize the superiority of American-made electric power apparatus. And the Export-Import Bank financing helps make possible a great deal of this export business.

A. C. MONTEITH, Vice-President
Westinghouse Electric Corporation
Pittsburgh

We have received the following comment from the TVA on Mr. Monteith's letter:

We note that Mr. Monteith ignores some, and deals superficially with

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others, of the major points made in the detailed TVA statement to which he refers, and upon which we stand. Our statement, for example, pointed out the fact that since 1951 the prices charged by domestic manufacturers of large turbogenerators have increased more than fifty per cent, while the average wholesale price of all commodities has increased about five per cent. To this statement Mr. Monteith made no reference.

Further, we do not believe Mr. Monteith has demonstrated any error in the calculations of labor costs to account for the more than $6 million higher price quoted by Westinghouse and General Electric over the bid of Parsons, whose price included import duty of about $1.5 million. The figures used by TVA relative to the man-hours in manufacture by Westinghouse and General Electric were taken directly from their own statements. Westinghouse advised TVA on January 6 that its estimate of "approximately 1,080,000 man-hours of work within the Westinghouse plants at Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . include the time of engineers, draftsmen, and other salaried employees as well as hourly rated factory workers."

In considering Westinghouse's objection to the provision requiring liquidated damages for delayed delivery, two points are pertinent:

1. Of the 18 Westinghouse turbogenerators now in operation on the TVA system, the last 16 were delivered late.

2. Parsons accepted the liquidated-damages provision without protest. Whatever costs it involved for the bidder were presumably included in Parsons' bid, which was still more than $6 million lower than the domestic bids.

In attempting to rest the case against TVA's purchase of this turbogenerator from a British firm on national security, the Westinghouse letter disregards the realities of repair and replacement problems which could be expected in the event of total war. The Parsons unit will be installed beside four large American-produced machines in the Colbert plant. It is reasonable to assume that an act of war which would cause major damage to the British unit would also require major repairs to the four American units. Also, it is reasonable to assume that if the Colbert generating station were damaged, it would not be an isolated instance. Widespread damage to the nation's electric generating capacity could put a heavy load on all manufacturers. Addition of the Parsons unit increases the number of manufacturers who can be called on in the event of such an emergency and thereby may be more likely to reduce than increase the risk of delay in getting maximum capacity back into service.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE EXPERTS can give you nearly as many rules about how to bring out a new magazine as about how to develop a new missile—and as a matter of fact, most of them are the same rules. In both cases, top-secret test firings are supposed to be accompanied by a massive fanfare of ballyhoo describing the wondrous feats the new weapon will accomplish once it gets off the ground. For better or for worse, all these rules were ignored when *The Reporter* was launched ten years ago. Since we wanted to do something new in American journalism, we decided that the best way to find out how it would work was to start doing the job.

At the end of the first year we had about fifteen thousand charter subscribers—including Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur, both of whom, alas, have since fallen by the wayside. Unfortunately, we don't really know how many others among those brave and hardy souls are still with us, but according to a statistic our business people never tire of quoting, *Reporter* readers are a pretty faithful lot: our renewal rate, almost seventy per cent, is one of the highest in the field.

The turning point in *The Reporter's* career came in the spring of 1952, when we published two articles on the China Lobby; almost overnight our circulation shot up from 20,000 to 55,000. (This figure does not include a short-term boom in newsstand sales that occurred when the China Lobby's representatives in Washington went around buying up all the copies they could get and burning them.) Since then our circulation has grown steadily. The latest figure is 125,000.

Now that we have our first decade under our belt, we thought our readers might be interested in comparing *The Reporter's* performance with its intentions. For there has never been anything experimental about *The Reporter's* principles. Accordingly we are republishing excerpts from two statements by **Max Ascoli**—one written in 1949, the other in 1955—that still sum up *The Reporter's* basic editorial policy.

IT'S A POOR DISEASE that isn't being studied by a special research foundation these days. And yet we still have very little scientifically valid information about the etiology of an epidemic that disables five million Americans every year and kills 37,000. As **Daniel P. Moynihan** points out in his article on motor-vehicle accidents, there may be some factors involved that are much easier to control than the temperament and behavior of eighty million drivers. As acting secretary to Governor Harriman of New York, Mr. Moynihan was chairman of the New York State Traffic Safety Policy Coordination Committee.

OUR COMMUNIST opponents have no reason to be displeased when they observe the well-publicized disharmony among the major members of the western alliance. Some of the reasons for the British advocacy of "flexibility" are analyzed by **Peregrine Worsthorne,** who is on the staff of the London *Daily Telegraph*. . . . Just how well prepared is this nation to fight a limited war? **Peter Braestrup,** assistant news development editor of the New York *Herald Tribune,* presents a disturbing report on our operations in Lebanon last summer. . . . Following Henry A. Kissinger's essay "The Policymaker and the Intellectual" (*The Reporter*, March 5), **Thomas L. Hughes** continues our reexamination of American institutions with a description of Congress's role in the formulation of foreign policy. Mr. Hughes, a Washington lawyer who was legislative counsel for Senator Humphrey from 1955 to 1958, is now administrative assistant to Representative Chester Bowles.

AN INDEPENDENT PRODUCER of classical LPs who has been heard in the New York area as a radio critic and commentator (WQXR, WBAI), **Fred Grunfeld** confesses that in off hours he composes *musique concrète* directly on magnetic tape. . . . **Cynthia Grenier's** articles about movies appear regularly in a number of European publications. . . . **Elizabeth Young** is co-author with her husband, Wayland Young, of the standard work on London churches. . . . **Alastair Buchan** is our regular British correspondent. . . . **Gore Vidal,** a prolific young novelist turned playwright (*Visit to a Small Planet*), is currently working on the screen version of Tennessee Williams's *Suddenly Last Summer*. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** collection of essays *The Inmost Leaf* has recently been published in paperback by Noonday. . . . **Edward T. Chase** is a consultant to a number of public-service industries. . . . A children's book by **Gerald Weales,** *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch* (Atlantic-Little, Brown), is now available in Italian under the title *Incantesimi in Città*. . . . **Sidney Alexander** is in Italy working on a sequel to his historical novel, *Michelangelo the Florentine*. . . . Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 1
OUR FIRST DECADE . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 12

Special Report

EPIDEMIC ON THE HIGHWAYS . . . . . *Daniel P. Moynihan* 16

At Home & Abroad

BRITAIN'S LONELY ROAD TOWARD THE SUMMIT . . . *Peregrine Worsthorne* 23
LIMITED WARS AND THE LESSONS OF LEBANON . . . . . *Peter Braestrup* 25

A Reporter Essay

FOREIGN POLICY ON CAPITOL HILL . . . . . *Thomas L. Hughes* 28

Views & Reviews

Music: WHEN THE TWAIN MEET . . . . . *Fred Grunfeld* 32
Movies: BONJOUR, B.B. . . . . *Cynthia Grenier* 34
Theater: CAUSE WITHOUT EFFECT . . . . . *Elizabeth Young* 36
Press: THE MORNING AFTER . . . . . *John B. Junius* 37
Books:
A NOSTALGIA FOR STEAM ENGINES . . . . . *Alastair Buchan* 39
IN THE SHADOW OF THE SCALES . . . . . *Gore Vidal* 40
THE GHOST OF LEON TROTSKY . . . . . *Alfred Kazin* 41
THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA . . . . . *Edward T. Chase* 43
GOOD GRIEF, MORE PEANUTS! . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 45
AN UNBRIDGEABLE GAP . . . . . *Sidney Alexander* 46
BOOK NOTES 48

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Our First Decade

MAX ASCOLI

Ten years ago this month, the first issue of The Reporter *was published. This anniversary gives us the opportunity for a sort of station identification. We ask our readers: is our signal clear and strong? Does it go as far as it could or should? Perhaps we are not wrong if we say that, in ten years, this magazine has acquired an authority greater than the level of its circulation (at present 125,000) would indicate. We have no doubt that we can do a better job. And we will.*

When a publication is truly established—as is the case with The Reporter*—it belongs not only to those who own it or work on it but also to those who read it. During ten eventful years, we have provided our readers with our kind of interpretative reporting of the major events that have put the strength and character of our nation to a test. In our editorial writing, as well as in our reporting, we have taken a stand on such issues as McCarthyism, the China Lobby, atomic warfare, peacemongering at the time of Suez, or prospective "peace for our time" at the expense of Berlin and of the West.*

Our stand on these and many other issues may have seemed, at times, unpredictable; yet we like to think that we have been consistent with the purpose that since the beginning we have assigned to ourselves. To elicit the reaction of our readers, we publish here extracts from two formulations we have made in past years of our principles and our goals.

From the 1949 Prospectus

THE AMERICAN national interest is definitely tied to the welfare of a large section of the world, but at the same time America is not rich enough or powerful enough to endow the world or to rule it. In the former enemy countries still under American occupation, in the sixteen European nations of the Marshall Plan, in Asia and in Latin America, to a various and different extent, there are hundreds of millions of people whom America can help—but only if they are willing to co-operate freely with America. The safety and power of America largely depend on the co-operation that we can obtain from nations which are the objects of American assistance. America alone cannot do the job of setting the world on its feet.

If America were what the Communists say it is—an empire in the making—or if it were the hub of an "international," which is about the same thing, the problem would be much simpler. We could rule foreign countries with our stooges; we could, as we pleased, use or destroy their resources for the benefit of our own economy; and we could induce their unmanageable leaders to plunge themselves into obscurity—or out of a window. As it is, given the kind of people we are, we have no choice. We must work to create, at home and abroad, the positive conditions that make for freedom, for safeguards of personal and national independence, and for peace.

This is a staggering and utterly unprecedented job. Lend-Lease, UNRRA, the Marshall Plan, have given some indication of how the job can be done, and above all, that it can be done. But it must be admitted that all these measures have been emergency answers to immediate threats, and that a well-balanced long-range American policy has not yet been attained—a policy that may steer a middle course between the needs of domestic welfare and the demands of national defense or of foreign aid, between out-and-out isolationism and nagging interference in other people's internal affairs.

This condition of things has prompted us, the founders of *The Reporter*, to offer a new magazine to the American public. The pursuit of national interest and the cause of freedom having now become interchangeable things, we believe that the time has come to take fresh stock of the potentialities of our country as well as of the new features of the outside world. Ours will be a purposeful, focal reporting, aimed at singling out the elements which help or hinder the attainment of a national policy. It will be objective reporting, but it will not be impartial when it comes to what is true and what is fake, what is based on stubborn fact and what is the result of manipulated public opinion.

The Reporter is to be a magazine of facts and ideas, not of news or of opinion. Our aim is to process the news in order to reach the facts, and to dissect opinions in order to reach a clear idea of an American policy. Clear ideas will help us to recognize the basic facts;

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the basic facts will help us to determine the range within which ideas are workable. It is a grinding, deepening process: the more and the better we do our job, the closer we get to our aim, which is to enable our readers to discriminate between what can be done and what cannot be done, and to know at all times what the price is for what can and must be done.

We assume that we are not alone in thinking that Communism, the most dogmatic of all opponents, can be fought only by free and uncluttered minds. We assume that a large number of Americans are as tired as we are of clichés and stereotypes, and as anxious as we are to have the major problems of our day analyzed and reported in such a way that nothing is taken for granted, not even the righteousness of our democratic position and the wickedness of our Communist opponents. We have set ourselves to be relentless cliché-hunters. We are not going to say that every Republican is a Harding, or that every general is an autocrat, or that big business is always good—or always bad. We shall talk very little of individualism and we shall never lose sight of what happens to the individuals in every concrete situation we may try to report.

Our readers are going to hear little from us about irrepressible trends and sweeping waves, no matter whether of the past or of the future. In analyzing concrete situations we shall try to go as close to the heart of things as we can. But the analysis of situations, down to the heart of things, can lead to entirely different results according to the disposition of the analyst. There are those who, at the conclusion of an analytical effort, like to sit down and cry; there are those who like to make moralistic soap bubbles on the brim of the precipice; and there are those who once they see the danger of the precipice want to have everything and everybody going down, down to the bottom. Our attitude, on the contrary, is to look for the men who are responsible for a situation and who have power to do something about it.

Our Rudderless Policy

We are not alone, we suppose, in thinking that America's policy is still rudderless. Since the Marshall Plan was announced, we have sometimes moved in the right direction, but there are neither the instruments nor the firm hands which may prevent us drifting all the way back again or all around. Our function should be to help the devising of the steering instruments, to set the alarm signals, to determine the range within which we can proceed with minimized risks. . . .

We shall deal with trends, not to ride on them, but to see whether they can be controlled, how and by whom. We shall deal with situations, but not in order to make ourselves the mouthpieces of the nothing-can-be-done-about-it school of thought. Above all, we shall deal with policies, and our reporting of facts and ideas will be aimed at promoting the constant development of an American policy adequate to the responsibilities and to the limitations of America in the present moment of history. And we shall never lose sight of the policymakers—what kind of people they are, how they live up to the people's trust, and how the breed can be improved. We shall look for the individuals and for the mental attitudes that determine a situation. For we believe that the impact of power on human beings is most clearly shown when power is presented through the specific people who hold it or who bear its brunt.

In our focal, purposeful reporting on policy and policymaking we shall be guided by basic beliefs:

¶ In freedom, which means the capacity that men have of exerting some control over the conditions of their own lives, a capacity that cannot be denied or crippled without making men into the tools of their own destruction.

¶ In America, as a nation whose freedom and well-being are inseparably tied to the freedom and well-being of other nations.

¶ In the function and responsibilities of journalism—provided it meets exact and exacting standards.

¶ And finally, in the I.Q. of the American reader, whose capacity to grasp facts and ideas is crudely underrated by most of the existing media of information. . . .

To those who will recognize their magazine in *The Reporter* we make no extravagant promise—we just say that we shall do our best to tell the truth.

This Liberal Magazine

(*April 21, 1955*)

Chance may have led each of our readers to stumble upon *The Reporter*, but the relationship with these readers is no longer accidental. Indeed, it has proved an enduring one, in which more and more people are joined in reciprocal confidence. The time is well past when *The Reporter's* beliefs and purposes could be considered the private, tentative bond of a group of writers united in a publishing venture. Reader response proves that there is nothing tentative any longer about *The Reporter*.

In the last few years there has been a distinct tendency in our country to use the word liberalism with qualifying adjectives or to quarantine it within quotation marks . . . Meanwhile, the idea of liberty is paid constant tribute by American politicians of both parties as a disembodied principle so secure in the high heaven of abstraction as to require no effort to be made operational. Yet what is a liberal, if not a man who gives all he has to make liberty operational, and develops the highest possible degree of skill this vocation demands?

The Reporter's liberalism is based on the belief that

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liberty, far from being an ethereal thing, is always identified with and related to specific and present situations. In our day and country, for instance, freedom of the press or of information needs defense not against the enemy of past times—censorship—but against the peril of the present that is the oversupply of news. The point has been reached where freedom of the news, to be effectively operative, requires to be counterbalanced by a certain degree of freedom from the news. This is the specific situation in the publishing field to which *The Reporter*, this liberal publication, has applied itself. It manages to be quite selective in its handling of the news. It does not believe that all news items are born free and equal with a built-in or innate right to get into print. Other publications feel differently, but *The Reporter* sticks to its rule: It endeavors, as best it can, to sort out the meaningful and relevant from the trivial and gossipy; the natural-born, honest-to-God news from the synthetic facsimiles concocted in public-relations mills.

The oversupply of news is by no means the least cause making for the ever-spreading apathy and indifference that plague the public mind. In a remote way, everybody worries somewhat about the A- or H- or U- or C-bomb; no one relishes the idea of being vaporized. But who can do much about it all; who can prevent war from coming? *The Reporter* believes that there are quite a number of things that can be done, and that there are a definite number of men who can do these things, men with well-known responsibilities, addresses, and telephone numbers. These men must not be allowed to get away with high-sounding slogans, like instant retaliation—whether "massive" or "measured." The issues the men in power must cope with are well within the grasp of the American public, if the effort is made to give us not soporific slogans or slanted news but the truth. It is never easy to get at the truth, but according to the liberal belief there is such a thing, and—at great cost—men can reach it and be saved by it.

On Special Assignment

Liberalism is an exacting creed, and no wonder so many people are satisfied with paying lip service to the blessings of liberty and to the inevitable victory of the free world over the slave one. Of all political isms, liberalism is the only one that does not prescribe any ultimate goal to be pursued as an end in itself. Neither can such a goal be found in the particular exigency with which freedom happens to be identified. We cannot pursue anti-Communism as an end in itself, and yet there is no greater threat to the human race than the consolidation and spread of Communism. We should know by now what a price we paid and are still paying for having pursued victory over Nazism as an end in itself.

Freedom is never unalloyed, and were some metaphysical laboratory ever to produce "pure freedom" it would not be worth having. Its unique, unsurpassable worth depends entirely on the way in which it is alloyed with specific interests and exigencies. The way to make freedom prevail over Communism is to prove that industrial production under democracy, with competing political parties and predominantly private enterprise, can ultimately give material comfort and spiritual well-being to an ever-increasing number of men. But the places where this ought to be proved are to be found in some of the spots near the Communist orbit where economic misery and political disorder increase the Communist temptation. Men are so made as to prefer sometimes a purposeful slavery to an aimless freedom. . . .

Liberalism is definitely intolerant of anything considered as an end in itself—including liberty. What can be said of life can be said of liberty: We cannot live life, but we can live, as fully as we are able to, that fragment of life which is ours. A liberal, a man who cultivates the skills that make freedom operational, is always a man on special assignment.

Because of its devotion to freedom, this magazine is always on special assignment.

Ideas About Facts

This is a fortnightly of facts and ideas, or perhaps it would be better to say—gratefully borrowing from Whitehead—of ideas about facts. Being a liberal publication, it endeavors to harmonize the two, avoiding the promiscuous collection of news on the one hand and the reiteration of predictable, opinionated opinion on the other. News and opinion is the journalistic currency—frequently manipulated—by which facts and ideas are given circulation. Liberalism means an unending search for the right operational balance and, in the case of this publication, this means the right operational balance between facts and ideas. The two must check and control each other so that the facts are scrutinized and the ideas tested.

This liberal publication, of necessity, must be always objective and never impartial. Objectivity means a rounded, conscientious study of facts, so as to determine their causes and their weight. But this scrupulous care implies no detached reconciliation with their existence. Moreover many alleged facts, under close scrutiny, turn out to be phony. So, in facing such an issue as that of Formosa and Quemoy, this magazine has never lost sight of the human beings directly concerned, the Formosans—the most important conditioning fact in the whole picture. In no way should they be considered mere accessories to an international real-estate deal.

BECAUSE of its liberalism, *The Reporter* is truly independent—independent, that is, of both political parties. One of the blessings of the way the two-party system is organized in our country lies perhaps in the fact that American liberalism has never been seriously tempted to become a party. On the other hand, it must be ad-

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mitted that like our two parties American liberalism has been singularly leery of defining its own theoretical principles, the set of ideas by which its operations are guided. This has greatly contributed to the lack of commonly accepted standards even in the most articulate liberals.

Liberalism in our country has developed into an instinct, to be sure, exemplified by some of the noblest characters in public life. But this particular condition has been a very heavy handicap on liberalism lately, when it has had to withstand two different yet equally demanding tests. The first was the assault of ruthless, seditious demagoguery. The second was the task of presenting the American case to the outside world. Useful as they are, our political parties cannot do this job. It can be done only by liberals, assigned to this particular task. So far, unfortunately, the language of American liberalism has proved to be strictly for internal consumption.

Yet the need for ideas is urgent—and not only for communication with the outside world. For this reason, this magazine has had to indulge in more "think pieces" than it would have liked. The need being great, it has had sometimes to be satisfied in a hurry, without any chance of protracted reflection in an ivory tower—*Satisfaction While U Wait.*

IN ONE RESPECT, *The Reporter* has not lived up to its liberal creed. It still has too much politics. For a liberal, approximately only half of man is a political animal—Caesar's half. For this I plead guilty, adding as an extenuating circumstance that the temptation has been too great—or perhaps the emergency.

We are proud to reproduce here what Senator Fulbright had to say about The Reporter *at a dinner in New York City on April 16 at the Overseas Press Club in celebration of this magazine's tenth anniversary. After these introductory remarks, the senator went on to discuss "What Makes U.S. Foreign Policy." Senator Fulbright's text on this subject will be published in our next issue.*

I KNOW that it sounds incongruous to speak of aristocracy in a democracy. Yet in the exact Greek sense of the word—meaning "the best"—it is very much in place to say that the magazine Max Ascoli built in ten short years has been a stronghold of aristocratic values in our society. Every issue of *The Reporter* does something to restore discussion itself to the democratic process. Every issue re-enacts in language the tremendous fact that the democratic process is a highly exacting, sometimes comic, sometimes dramatic, but always supremely demanding experience. I often feel that the contributors to this magazine are regularly summoned and required to take an oath of office, reading to this effect: "I do solemnly swear that in the high cause of democracy, I will uphold, defend, and protect the integrity of the word, and that to the best of my ability; I will use words in such ways that they will stand as one with the things they are meant to describe."

Max Ascoli has himself said of *The Reporter* that it was an "experiment in adult journalism." I would add that it is an experiment in "unadulterated journalism." For its bite is a solid one. It has no pets and no client interests. It is known as a liberal magazine. But it stands just as ready to make war on the clichés and illusions that sometimes crop up in the liberal camp as it does when a different order of clichés and illusions crops up in the camp of the mossbacks. It is precisely because it is always prepared to call even its natural friends to task that it stands almost on a plane of its own in our affections. As friend or as critic, it summons all of us to heed the injunction "Know thyself." And no injunction could be more pointed for those of us here tonight, whose work it is to keep the people informed of the material facts that bear on their life.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, then, to Max Ascoli, to his wife, Marion, and to the staff of *The Reporter.* Happy birthday also to the present readers of *The Reporter* who would rather shiver in the icy wind of Truth than be warmed by a blanket of rose-colored smog.

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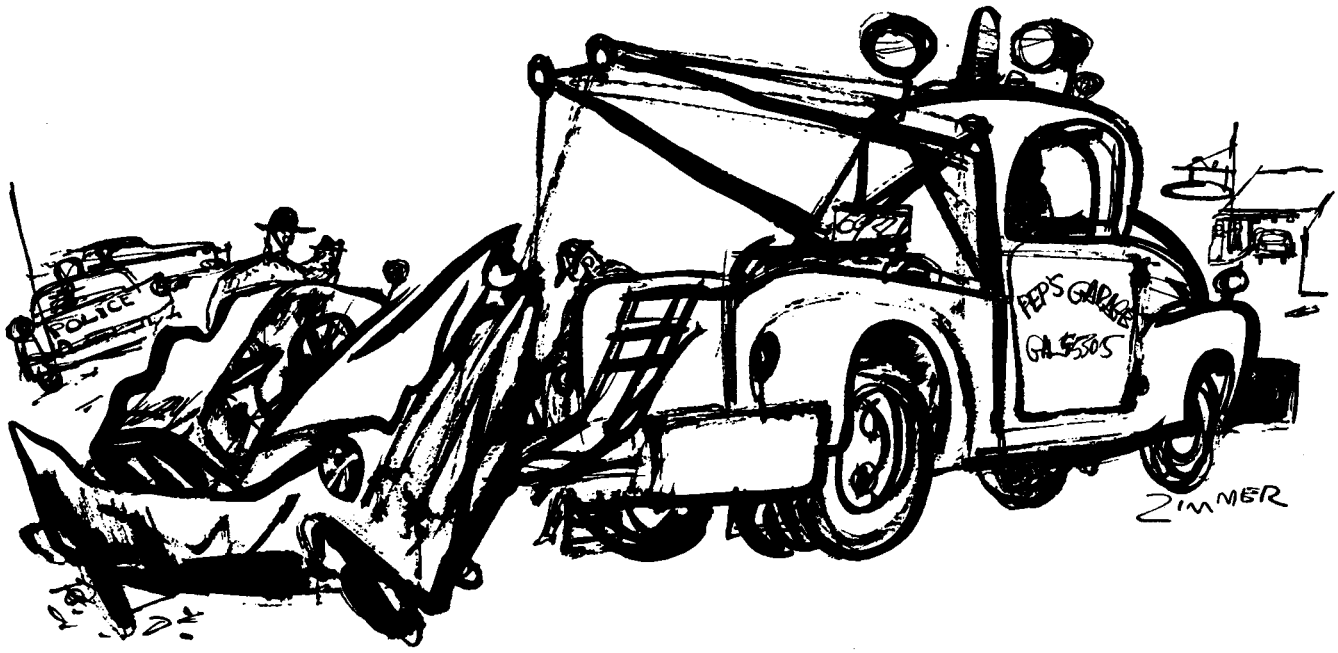

Epidemic on the Highways

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

At the height of the Korean War, the United States Air Force suddenly found itself seriously interested in traffic safety down on the ground: it was losing more men from automobile accidents than from enemy action. A further check revealed this was true of the entire armed forces. Moreover, the automobile injuries were generally more serious and required longer hospitalization than the battle casualties.

In the years since, a growing program of government-sponsored research into the cause of automobile accidents and injuries has produced some more startling information. For one thing, the traffic toll has proved much greater than anyone believed: five million injuries a year, twenty-five million days in bed at the hospital or home—and despite publicity to the contrary, the problem is getting steadily worse.

With each new discovery the uneasiness in Washington grows, for it becomes ever more difficult to avoid the conclusion already reached in important circles of Congress and the American Medical Association: that something more effective than simply urging people to stop killing each other must be done, probably through the intervention of the Federal government, to control this disastrous epidemic. The men who have reached this conclusion are anything but radicals. They are for the most part conservative Southern congressmen and respected physicians, proponents of states' rights and foes of "socialized medicine" to a man. The main thing that sets them apart from their colleagues is that they have managed to get beyond the slogans to learn some of the facts about what actually causes automobile accidents. In this respect they are almost unique. Certainly the American public at large is almost completely ignorant about what has unmistakably become one of the nation's foremost public-health problems.

Posting the Odds

It is characteristic of most public-health problems that they arise so naturally out of the environment that the population affected usually accepts them as inevitable and will even resist efforts to do anything about them. Vaccination against smallpox, for example, was violently opposed—and often by doctors as well as laymen. (A contemporary parallel is the controversy over water fluoridation.) Misconceptions about traffic safety are now shared even by many who are intimately involved with the problem. The National Safety Council is a case in point.

The Council, set up in Chicago some forty-six years ago by a group of industrialists, is undisputedly the official national spokesman for "organized safety." It is best known for its much-publicized predictions of our holiday death tolls. Over the years these pre-holiday pronouncements have lost their necromantic quality and become rather like the posting of odds before a big race: a sure sign that exciting moments and good times are on the way. The deaths, when they come, seem no more real than the weekly television toll of the hired guns.

As a matter of fact, the Safety Council often predicts a holiday toll that is below the day-to-day average for the year. The 390 deaths predict-

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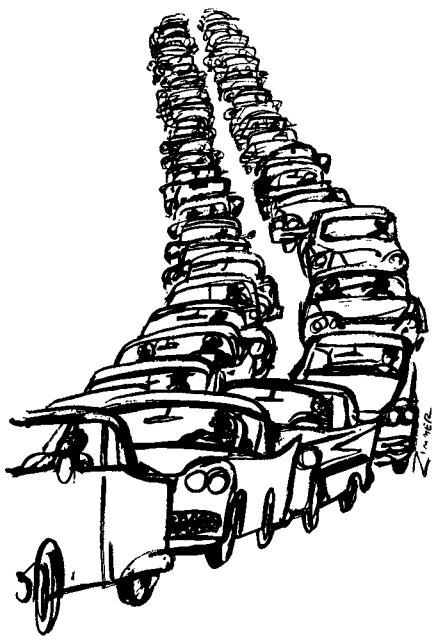
ed for last New Year's weekend, for example, would have been ten per cent below normal, and the actual toll was 377. The Council, however, gets enormous publicity from its predictions, with no risk whatever to its reputation. If the toll should exceed the prediction, it only proves how right the Council was to warn against carelessness. If it should fall below the mark, it only proves how effective the warnings were.

A Death Fixation

By concentrating on deaths and the death rate, the Safety Council helps sustain an illusion of progress in the field of traffic safety, for it is quite true that the number of deaths per year has tended to decline slightly of late, and that the death *rate*—defined as the number of fatalities per hundred million miles of travel—has been declining steadily for thirty years. This phenomenon occasionally gives rise to paeans of self-congratulation among the safety professionals. The cover of the March issue of *Traffic Safety*, the Safety Council publication, proudly proclaims, "1,700 LIVES SAVED!" But what brought about the decline? There is certainly no evidence that it was accomplished by any form of safety program—or even that the figures will be as low next year.

The most probable explanation of the declining death rate is that doctors are simply getting better at keeping people alive, so that fewer victims die of trauma whether on the battlefield or the highway. Furthermore, the Council's concentration on death distracts attention from the fact that automobile accidents maim their victims much more frequently than they kill them. For every death there are 125 injuries—many of them involving permanent disability. And both the number and the rate of injuries have been rising. The Safety Council not only soft-pedals this disturbing bit of information but continues to publish woefully incomplete statistics with the bland suggestion that they "be interpreted with some caution."

Each year the Council publishes the "official" figures for motor-vehicle injuries along with those for deaths. A few months after its 1957 figure of 1,400,000 injuries was published, the U.S. Public Health Service revealed that the true figure was nearer five million. New York State's accident figures, which are at least as accurate as most, show a 21 per cent increase in the total number of deaths from 1948 to 1957. This corresponds fairly closely to the Safety Council figure of 19 per cent for the nation during that period. But where the Council shows a mere 27 per cent nationwide increase in the number of injuries, to their 1957 total of 1,400,000, New York State has tabulated a 125 per cent increase—from 114,572 in 1948 to 257,934 in 1957. With 5 per cent of the nation's fatalities, it is fair to assume that New York would have the same proportion of the injuries, indicating a nationwide figure of 5,159,000. This comes amazingly near the estimate of 4,888,000 automobile injuries for 1957 which the U.S. Public Health Service derived from its recent National Health Survey. In other words, the probable number of automobile injuries is at least three and a half times the figure published



by the National Safety Council. The Council definition of an injury as "disabling beyond the day of accident" is somewhat different from that of the Public Health Service, which speaks of accidents involving "at least one full day of restricted activity or medical attendance." But this alone does not account for the inordinate discrepancy of the totals.

Moreover, although the *death rate* in New York has been declining, the *injury rate* has clearly been rising. In 1948 there were 404 personal injuries per hundred million miles traveled. By 1957 this had risen to 582, an increase of 44 per cent in the *injury rate* in ten years. Statistics, though obviously subject to abuse and misinterpretation in this field, clearly indicate similar increases in other states.

Fortunately or unfortunately, death is not very real to most Americans: few of us seem to expect to die at all, and even fewer by our own hands. Perhaps if the public could be brought to understand that the consequences of automobile accidents are more likely to be a broken back than a broken neck, the demand for preventive action might be very much greater than it is.

Whose Fault Is It?

But the Safety Council's most serious disservice to traffic safety comes from its emphasis on the individual responsibility for accidents. The basic message of the enormous flood of material, publicity, and information that emerges from the Safety Council is that accidents are caused by individual carelessness and can be prevented if drivers will only pay attention.

Perhaps an individual *can* reduce to some degree his own risks of being involved in a smash-up. But the exposure to accident situations is so great in America these days—with nearly seventy million cars on the highways—that admonishing individuals to drive carefully seems a little bit like trying to stop a typhoid epidemic by urging each family to boil its own drinking water and not eat oysters; that may help, of course, but why not try vaccinations, setting standards of cleanliness for food handlers, and purifying *everybody's* drinking water in the reservoirs?

By emphasizing the individual's responsibility in automobile accidents, the Safety Council shifts public attention from factors such as automobile design, which we can reasonably hope to control, to factors such as the temperament and behavior of eighty million drivers, which are not susceptible to any form of consistent, over-all control—certainly not by a bunch of slogans.

Very little is actually known about

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what causes accidents, but all that *is* known points to the conclusion that accidents result when drivers find themselves in situations to which they cannot respond correctly, either because their minds don't work fast enough or simply because it's "too late." A good number of these situations arise not from anyone being at fault, but simply and inevitably when enough cars are put in one place at one time. And these situations cannot be changed by any number of well-intentioned national campaigns urging drivers not to kill themselves.

A Canadian physician has summed up what meager research has been done on the subject of driver behavior with the remark that "A man drives as he lives." The number of accidents involving borderline psychopathic personalities is disproportionate perhaps, but not especially important in itself, for it accounts for only a small part of the total number of accidents. The great majority of accidents involve people who have never before had an accident or been cited for a traffic violation of any kind. It is quite possible that future research will find that a man who has just had a furious argument with his wife is inclined to knock down pedestrians with his automobile. But how shall we go about preventing husband-wife arguments?

This is the dilemma of all approaches to the safety problem that are based on influencing driver behavior: the significant personal characteristics seem to be so personal that it is hopeless to think of doing anything about them for the limited purposes of traffic safety. To be sure, some rational and manageable programs, such as driver education, do produce what appear to be good results. But even then the explanation may simply be that the type of person who is apt to have fewer automobile accidents is also the type who takes the precaution of registering for a course in driving.

Temperament seems to have much more to do with accident experience than physical abilities. Teen-age drivers are at the peak so far as most sensory, physical, and co-ordinative functions are concerned. *Yet motor-vehicle accidents are the leading cause of death for both males and females from fifteen to twenty-four.* One out of seventeen in this age group gets injured in an automobile every year. Dr. Ross McFarland of Harvard University has concluded that the high accident rates must be regarded in terms of "inexperience, emotional and social immaturity, and temperamental qualities associated with youth." This might be a reason for not allowing young people to drive cars. It hardly serves as the basis for a propaganda campaign urging them to "drive safely." In fact, pointing out dangers actually invites some drivers to try their luck.

The involvement of alcohol in serious injuries is probably still underestimated. One recent study showed that over an eight-year period forty-nine per cent of the drivers killed in single-car accidents in Westchester County, New York, were legally drunk (0.15 per cent alcohol content in the blood) and another twenty per cent were either well on their way or suffering from hangovers.

Is There a Safe Speed?

These discouraging facts are recognized in the most common prescription for traffic safety: enforce the law. In practice this comes to mean: enforce the speed law. Unfortunately, there is no evidence that cracking down on speed has much effect on traffic safety. The best-known effort in this direction is that of Governor Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut. Late in 1955, the year he took office, he announced a crackdown on speeders, including suspension of speeders' licenses for thirty days on their first conviction. Speeding suspensions went from 372 in his first year in office to 10,055 in his second. This was an act of high political courage; and to their credit, the people of Connecticut backed their governor in his campaign. But what were the results?

After a bad year in 1955 before the program got under way, the *number of deaths* went down slightly, as it did in the rest of the nation, but it never got down to the level of the year before Governor Ribicoff took office. The *death rate* declined slightly, but less than in the nation as a whole. Yet the *number* of accidents and the *number* of injuries went up despite the crackdown. Most significant of all, the injury *rate* went up sharply. In 1955 there were 210 injuries per hundred million vehicle miles traveled in Connecticut. This rose the next year to 212, the year after that to 223, and last year to 227. In other words, the chance of getting seriously injured in Connecticut increased 8 per cent for every mile traveled during Governor Ribicoff's campaign against speeding.

The basic fallacy behind the crackdown-on-speeders approach is in the unspoken assumption that the legal speed limits somehow define the safe speeds. This is not true. John O. Moore, director of Automotive Crash Injury Research at Cornell University, has reported in the *American Journal of Public Health* that "Approximately 74 per cent of the cars involved in injury-producing accidents were traveling at speeds under 60 mph. . . . Complete and absolutely controlled top speed limits would afford relatively limited reduction in the expectancy of dangerous or fatal injuries in injury-producing accidents; strict maintenance of a top traveling speed of 49 mph would still have seen the occurrence of 60 per cent of the dangerous or fatal injuries." Dr. R. Arnold Griswold, chairman of the Subcommittee on Traffic Injury Prevention of the American College of Surgeons, reports that two-thirds of road deaths occur at speeds under fifty miles an hour. And the United States Bureau of Public Roads recently found that more accidents occur on high-grade roads in open country at thirty-five miles an hour than at any other speed.

One problem in dealing with such statistics is that the public does not really understand what constitutes speed in an automobile. Anyone who has stood on the bridge of a ship doing fifteen knots realizes that he is streaking through the water. But the lady motorist, cool and comfy on the soft divan of her new hardtop convertible, completely cut off from all vibrations and outside sounds, feels that she is practically standing still at fifteen miles an hour. If she came to a sudden stop against a telephone pole she would find out how fast fifteen miles an hour is—if she lived, that is. Incidentally, Mr. Moore of Cornell found only slight

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increases in frequency of dangerous or fatal injury in speeds ranging from zero to fifty-nine miles an hour. Seriousness of injury "appeared to be very largely a function of the shape and form of interior car components" and how the body hit them.

A Patchwork of Laws

The big question about law enforcement as an approach to traffic safety is whether the law prescribes measures that would have any effect if they were enforced. It may be that some of our traffic laws have some effect, good or bad, on traffic safety. But at present there is little evidence one way or another to prove it. And in half a century of traffic regulation there has never been any serious effort to find out.

Although the problems created by the automobile have come to dominate vast areas of state and local government, as yet no effective government organization has been devised to deal with them. There is no glamour, prestige, or money to be had from traffic safety; as a result almost no first-class officials have been interested in it. It has been a combination of housekeeping, bookkeeping, and the lower forms of tax collection that has equally repelled the do-gooders and the do-badders. Traffic safety has been left to an innocent but ineffective alliance of politicians and police. The typical bureau of motor vehicles is filled with deservedly low-paid clerks and run by an assortment of genial "pols" with utterly no training or interest in traffic safety except as it provides an opportunity to do small favors —passing out low-number license plates, lifting a suspension, restoring a license here and there, and so on.

And yet it is interesting that our highway safety patrols are almost uniformly high-level, well-trained, disciplined, and incorruptible. New York state troopers, for example, are as fine a collection of officers and men as can be found in any uniformed force. The problem is that for purposes of traffic safety their very virtues are the source of their shortcomings. The police officer's job is not to understand traffic accidents but to find out who is legally responsible for them. Former Governor Averell Harriman of New York asked the state police to provide daily reports of all fatal accidents on the state highways. The reports came in promptly and regularly, and were in all respects models of good police reporting—until one reached the column headed "Cause of Accident." Day after day, to the governor's distraction, he learned that someone had died because of "excess speed," "driver error," or "violation of Section 58 of the Motor Vehicle Code." Reporting that the victim died of a hole in the head or from lack of breath would have done just as much good from the point of view of understanding the accident.

As a direct result of this legalistic approach, the government agencies responsible for traffic safety have found out almost nothing about it. The statistics collected by most motor-vehicle bureaus are hopelessly inadequate—and often inaccurate as well. Our laws are a patchwork of what seemed like a good idea at the time they were written and could be got through legislatures always wary of offending the Motorist, who has become practically synonymous with the Citizen. Most of our enterprising efforts to legislate traffic safety have about as much scientific validity as wrapping a dirty sock around the neck to cure a sore throat.

Enter the Epidemiologist

Into this troubled scene of ignorance and misinformation, a new protagonist has recently emerged, offering the first real hope that scientifically constructive techniques may at last be applied to the problem of traffic safety.

This is the American doctor in the guise of the epidemiologist. The importance of the epidemiologists is twofold. First, they represent the only group of disciplined, trained personnel who are equipped to take on this problem. They are among the oldest and strongest of our social services. Second, and more important perhaps, is the nature of the epidemiological approach. For clinical medicine, disease is described as it occurs in individuals; for epidemiology, disease is described as it occurs in an aggregation of individuals, with as much attention being paid to the environment in which it occurs—the highway—and the agent through which it is transmitted—the automobile—as to the "host"—the driver—who gets the disease. The technique of the epidemiologist is to determine the correlations between the host, agent, and environment, whereupon, in the words of Cornell's Mr. Moore, "It has been possible to initiate a program of altering or controlling those factors which relate to the agent or the environment so that the host does not continue to have the same degree of exposure." Thus epidemiologists will often pay no attention to a disease itself but will concentrate instead on changing the environment in which it exists—draining the swamps or cleaning up water supplies.

At the outset of the Harriman administration in New York, the able and distinguished secretary to the governor, Jonathan B. Bingham, got interested in traffic-safety problems. He quickly found that none of the usual information and assumptions held up under scrutiny. Turn-

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ing to some of the doctors in the various state departments for answers, he got back more questions instead.

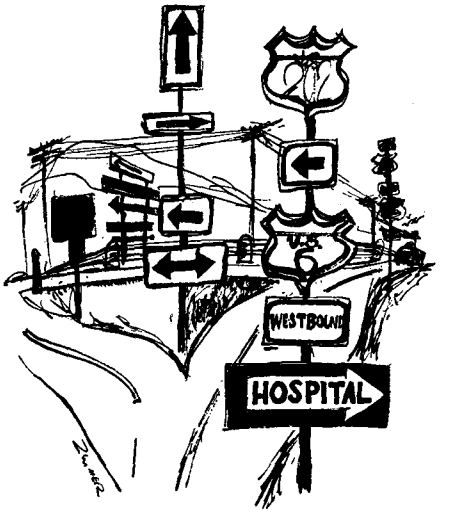
In the field of traffic safety the epidemiologists have almost by instinct turned away from the problem of driver behavior to that of automobile design. To them it seems much more sensible to put off the problem of influencing the behavior of eighty million drivers and concentrate on a matter that in the United States is subject to control by perhaps a dozen persons.

Moreover, to the epidemiologist it is by definition the automobile, not the driver, that causes the *injury*, as against the accident. This view was expressed three and a half years ago by Dr. C. Hunter Shelden, writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*:

"The accidents may occur as the result of speed, inadequate highways, poor judgment, or mechanical failure, but none of these actually causes the passenger injury. The injury occurs primarily as a result of faulty interior design of the automobile. 'Faulty' is actually a gross understatement, as there is almost no feature of the interior design of a car that provides for safety. The doors, seats, cushions, knobs, steering wheel and even the overhead structure are so poorly constructed from the safety standpoint that it is surprising anyone escapes from an automobile accident without serious injury. The elimination of the mechanically hazardous features of interior construction would prevent approximately seventy-five per cent of the fatalities, or 28,500 deaths each year."

'Packaging' the Victim

The principles of what is known as "packaging" the driver were first worked out at Cornell University Medical College during the Second World War in an effort to reduce the number of pilots killed or injured in military aviation crashes. A number of important discoveries were made about how the human body absorbs blows. By the end of the Korean War, these principles had been pretty thoroughly refined and a fairly large mass of information on how to avoid or minimize injuries had been accumulated. Applying these principles to the interior design of automobiles required a minimum of effort in the first stages, at least. In general, this involved relatively cheap and simple innovations such as padded dashboards, recessed steering wheels, and safety belts, along with a general smoothing off of sharp interior edges and projections. The urgent need for this sort of change became unmistakably clear when another Cornell study revealed that the cars produced from 1950 to 1954 were fully as capable of causing serious injuries as the 1940-1949 models, if not more so.



In February, 1955, a resolution of the Committee on Trauma of the American College of Surgeons was sent to the motorcar manufacturers of America recommending that they "stress occupant safety as a basic factor in automobile design, to include (1) doors which will not open on impact; (2) seats and cushions which will not become displaced on impact; (3) energy absorbing interiors; (4) adequate safety belts or other passenger stabilizing devices that will resist impacts of at least 20 G's . . ."

The advantages of seat belts have long been recognized in aviation. The Civil Aeronautics Board requires commercial airline pilots to have safety belts fastened *at all times* while they are operating their planes, and most pilots have safety belts in their cars. The Cornell Crash Injury Research Program has shown that belts reduce risk of injuries in automobile accidents by sixty per cent. Their greatest value is keeping persons inside cars, since the chances of being killed or injured are five times greater for victims who are thrown out. A Cornell University study has estimated that 5,500 of the lives lost each year in automobile accidents could be saved by the use of seat belts alone.

Safety Last

To its credit, the Ford Company tried not only to produce a safer car but to sell it as such. By 1956, automobile advertising had developed a frenzied preoccupation with speed. "THEY'RE HERE * * * AND EVEN HOTTER!" roared the announcements of the new Chevvy, while a sister make announced "Pontiac's new, big-bore, Strato-Streak V-8 with the terrific thrust of 227 blazing horsepower." Under a streak of blurred color across two pages the Chrysler Corporation announced, "9.1 seconds ago this Plymouth was standing still!"

Into this copywriters' drag race rolled the new Ford—with nothing new to offer but safety. After several years of research, a number of important safety devices had been developed and were now made available for the first time. These included a dished steering wheel to recess the steering posts that had been harpooning drivers, safety door locks, better brakes, and a number of optional items such as padded dashboards, sun visors, and seat belts. These were given top billing by Ford as the "Exclusive New Lifeguard Design." Pictures of the new models showed the seat belts, and more than half the copy in the first ads concerned new features that were described as "the first major contribution to driver and passenger safety in accidents . . ."

Unfortunately, the customers started crossing Main Street to buy Chevrolets that presumably would not have accidents. By August the very word "safety" was not to be found in the Ford ads. Sales picked up almost immediately, and sales and earnings reached their highest point in the fourth quarter of the year. Nonetheless, Ford took a beating on its 1956 models—and safety got the blame.

Since that time, no one has challenged the Detroit tradition that "safety is a dirty word." Beginning with the 1958 models the manufac-

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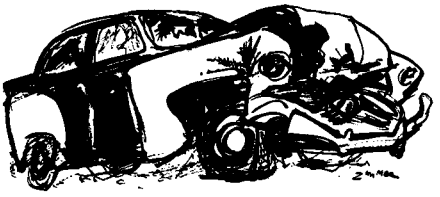
turers agreed to forgo advertising that "suggests" speed, but already the Chrysler Corporation is calling attention to its "Cars that can do *what they look like they can do*," and the horsepower race continues unabated. True, some few design improvements have been made. For example, Ford's dished steering wheel and safety door locks have been generally adopted. These two improvements are now carried by at least a quarter of the cars in use and may very well account for a large share of the recent drop in fatalities. Braking distances have been shortened and the dashboard area has been cleaned up somewhat. But the basic "environment" of the automobile-injury epidemic has not changed significantly.

So Swift, So Deadly

Perhaps the clearest illustration of the automobile industry's attitude is the problem of seat belts. General Motors has opposed them from the very beginning. When the American Standards Association, an organization of unimpeachable integrity and conservatism, proposed a project to establish national specifications for seat belts as it has for so many other products, a spokesman for the Society of Automotive Engineers informed it that "if the ASA went ahead with its project, the industry might make one of three moves: first, it might resign as a member of the ASA; second, instead of resigning it might reduce its financial support to ASA to cover only its share of the costs of technical standardization work in which it as an industry was really interested; or third, it might refuse to participate in standardization of projects in its area which might be undertaken over its objection." It is, to say the least, very unusual for an engineering society to object to the establishment of performance standards for equipment, but the G.M.-dominated Society of Automotive Engineers did so publicly.

Since then seat belts have been available as optional equipment on most automobiles, but they can be expensive and difficult to install. Dealers don't like them and discourage customers from getting them. Garages can install them, but with considerable expense and trouble, since it is necessary to drill holes in the floor pan and weld special fittings to the frame for each pair of belts. The result is that seat belts are used by fewer than one per cent of American drivers: apparently you have to be hipped on the subject before you go to the trouble and expense of having them installed. Secretary Arthur S. Fleming of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has ordered that seat belts be installed on all cars operated by his department and has announced that he would ask the industry to make them standard equipment. Other public-health officials have urged Detroit to make belt fittings standard on all models, so that drivers could buy a set at a gas station and simply hook them on. It is estimated that these fittings would cost less than fifty cents per car. Yet the manufacturers have persistently refused—mainly on the ground that they would add to the cost of the automobile!

The cost of safety devices is the main objection put forth by the manufacturers. But it is difficult to believe that is the real objection. For General Motors to suggest that it cannot afford to increase the cost of its automobiles by fifty cents borders on an affront to the public intelligence. Nor is the argument that the public doesn't want safety devices any more credible. As we all know, automobile companies create the demand for new styles in just about the same way the Paris designers do. If G.M. wanted to make padded dashboards as fashionable as tailfins, it could surely do



so. Perhaps Detroit just doesn't like the idea of sullying that darling of the American Dream—so swift, so powerful, so superhuman—with any sordid intimations of mortality.

They're *Not* All Alike!

Aside from evidence that certain features of automobile design increase the chances of injury in accident, there are also a number of indications that automobiles themselves may be *causing* a number of the accidents. There has always been some speculation about the effect of automobile design on the occurrence of accidents, but until a recent report came to light, nothing was really known about it.

The study was carried out by one of the nation's leading research organizations working under contract to the Armed Forces Epidemiological Board. This group, Dunlap and Associates of Stamford, Connecticut, made a preliminary study of the accident experience of a fleet of about a thousand cars of several makes owned by an insurance company. The cars were assigned on a random basis to salesmen going on business trips throughout the country. The number and type of accidents of these cars were analyzed for a six-month period, after which it was concluded:

"On the basis of these results, it may be strongly inferred that automobile design contributes appreciably to accident rate. There was an increase in accident rate of more than 50% from make B to make A, which is *directly attributable* to automobile design properties."

In other words, as between two stock cars of the "low-priced three" the chances of being killed or injured was half again as great in one as in the other.

There have always been suspicions that design characteristics such as horsepower, windshield area and curvature, the location of the center of gravity, and steering ratio may have something to do with accidents. Differences in the effectiveness and dependability of control mechanisms such as brakes and steering gears have always existed among the various makes. The relative effectiveness of windshield wipers can mean the difference between life and death as, in less direct ways, can the amount of air let in and noise kept out. As automobiles have become more complicated and automatic controls such as power steering and Hydra-Matic drive have been introduced, the differences in dependability have also increased. Certain types of power steering, for instance, have almost no "feedback" from the tires to the steering wheel,

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so that a car can go off the road onto the shoulder without the driver knowing about it until it is too late.

Actually very little is known as yet about the effects that design variations have on accident frequency. It is suspected, for instance, that a large number of drivers who died in accidents after they "fell asleep at the wheel" were in fact put to sleep by carbon monoxide. This would be comparatively easy to determine and easy to correct, but until recently no investigations have been made. The assumption has always been that automobiles which are so alike in other respects are alike in safety as well. The Dunlap study for the Armed Forces Epidemiological Board nonetheless stated flatly that "despite superficial similarities in two competitive makes of automobiles, there exist substantial differences in the accident-inducing characteristics of each." The investigators had no doubt that further research could establish what the differences are—be it brakes or headlights, steering gear or windshield wipers—and that developing a body of knowledge in this field could bring about a "continuing and substantial reduction in vehicular accidents."

It is important to note that the insurance-company vehicles were all low-priced, mass-produced stock cars. Whatever features made car "B" safer did not make it more expensive, nor, if standardized, would they add to the cost.

It becomes clear that, as Dr. Shelden put it in the A.M.A. *Journal* several years ago, "If the industry cannot rise to its responsibilities, the entire matter should be removed from its jurisdiction and be solved by methods employed in any other urgent public-health problem." An impartial research and testing operation that would actually set about determining and publicizing which design features of which models are unsafe might finally enlist the automobile industry's active interest in controlling the accident epidemic. Safety may not sell as a generalized notion, but as a competitive feature it would certainly command attention. If the public were told the name of make "A" that had 50 per cent more accidents than make "B," the consequence would be devastating—to the manufacturer of car "A," however, rather than to his lost customers. Such ratings might force manufacturers to compete on the basis of the safety of their cars rather than their ability to go 120 miles an hour.

The obvious private organization to take on such a job would be the National Safety Council. It has a large and competent staff. It already provides an Annual Inventory of Traffic Safety Activities, which measures the performance of governmental units in the important categories of licensing and police operations against standards adopted by the Council. It seemed only natural, therefore, that the New York Traffic Safety Policy Coordination Committee should propose, late in 1958, that the Safety Council extend its Annual Inventory to include an annual rating of the safety features of the new automobile models by name and manufacturer.

The reaction of the Safety Council top brass to this proposal was as prompt as it was horrified. Gad, Sir! replied the Major General (Ret.) who was in charge at the time, such a move would be against policy. The New York Committee replied that it was well aware of this fact and was in fact suggesting that policy be changed. The correspondence ceased abruptly.

In the meantime the Safety Council is absorbed by its newest enthusiasm, "Traffic Safety Sabbath." Cynics will observe that even the *pax ecclesiae* of the thirteenth century managed to extend its prohibition against killing over three days.

The Roberts Bill

It would appear that the only organization big enough to take on the automobile industry is the Federal government itself. And this, it seems, is the reluctant conclusion of Representative Kenneth A. Roberts (D., Alabama), chairman of the subcommittee on Health and Safety of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, who has spent almost three years investigating the problem of traffic safety.

Roberts has a record of challenging big business and coming out on top. In 1956, despite strong initial opposition from the industry and the Department of Commerce, he got through a bill requiring refrigerators to be equipped with a device enabling them to be opened from the inside in order to save the lives of children who get themselves locked in and die of suffocation. Roberts's aides describe him as a "real country congressman—they can't get at him nohow." Immediately after his work on refrigerators was completed, he turned to traffic safety. In July, 1956, he began a series of hearings on the subject. Like so many of the physicians and engineers who appeared before him, he seems to have started with the assumption that the bare facts of the situation pointed so dramatically to an obvious conclusion that the debate would be all over once they were made public. But little by little he came to realize, in the words of some testimony he received on the very first day of his hearings, that "In the case of automobile safety devices, the need is recognized and the design changes are known, but there the whole program grinds to a discouraging halt." The automobile industry did not oppose him; it just ignored him.

As a result, Roberts, a firm believer in states' rights, has introduced legislation that would require the Secretary of Commerce to establish safety standards for automobiles and make it illegal for any car to be shipped in interstate commerce that

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does not meet those standards. He feels that there is no longer any point in discussing the possibility of the industry's regulating itself. The Federal government will have to do the job. It is precisely the same job the Civil Aeronautics Administration has been doing in the field of aviation for forty-five years—not the least of its results being that it is much safer to fly in an airplane than to drive in an automobile. If the Federal government were to do no more than duplicate its procedures for aviation safety, great progress could be made practically overnight.

But that depends entirely on the fate of the Roberts legislation. Unfortunately, there is no organization that will speak up for Roberts and lobby for his bill. Obviously, not much can be expected of the National Safety Council. Those who are familiar with its activities do not expect any help from the American Automobile Association. The A.M.A. has made it clear that it would consider such legislation a big help, but there is a limit to that organization's enthusiasm for any form of Federal intervention.

The Federal government has already taken *de facto* control of highway design in the nation. Although the states are still technically in charge of highway construction, what they are really in charge of is maintenance. The death rate on the New York State Thruway, which is a prototype for the new Federal Interstate System, dropped last year to 0.873 fatalities per hundred million vehicle miles, barely fifteen per cent of the national average. Mr. Roberts and his few allies feel that the application of Federal standards to automobile design could be just as effective. The omens, however, are not very favorable.

But regardless of the fate of this year's legislation, in the long run we can certainly expect some interesting results from the fact that the public-health profession is now turning its attention toward the problem of traffic safety. If any automobile magnate wonders what that can mean, he would do well to run over to Chicago to watch government officials in white coats giving their safety ratings to the sides of beef as they roll off the packing-house production lines.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Britain's Lonely Road Toward the Summit

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

LONDON

IT WAS 1 A.M. in Johnny's Restaurant, just off Berlin's Kurfürstendamm. Delicious sentimental music in the background; a delicious bottle of Moselle in the foreground. The proprietor, who was sitting at our table, looked at his watch.

"Three hours to go," he said, signaling for another bottle.

"Three hours until closing time?" I asked.

"Good God, no," the proprietor replied. "There is no closing time in Berlin. This is a free city. . . . Three hours until President Eisenhower's speech. He is to tell us our fate at 4 A.M. Berlin time. Everyone who speaks English is waiting up."

"What do you want the President to say?" I asked.

"We want him to go to the brink—and we don't mind if he goes over, either," came the reply, accompanied by a look which indicated quite clearly that this was no Moselle-inspired bluster. "Negotiations," he went on, "are a waste of time. We Berliners know in our bones that the Russians will get Berlin unless the Americans make it clear they are ready to fight now."

I flew back to London shortly afterward and found Trafalgar Square jammed with Britons demonstrating against the H-bomb. This was the culmination of the second annual protest march from the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston. This year, however, instead of being greeted with derision and contempt, the marchers were sympathetically cheered by the London crowds, and even the right-wing press paid polite if not respectful attention. I could not help wondering what my Berlin friend, who is convinced that the principal outpost of free Europe is in mortal danger, would have thought if he saw so many Britons show unmistakable sympathy with those who advocate unilateral western disarmament.

I do not wish to suggest that the Aldermaston marchers' overeager pacifism is any more representative of British opinion than Johnny's overeager bellicosity is representative of Berlin opinion. Still, Johnny's outburst in Berlin and the Aldermaston marchers' emotionalism in London both seem perfectly natural and congruous in their national contexts, and emphasize the abyss that separates current British and German thinking about East-West relations. The great majority of Britons do not want unilateral nuclear disarmament any more than the great majority of Germans want to precipitate war over Berlin. National moods, however, are revealed as much—if not more—by what takes place at the periphery as at the center. The point to notice here is that extremist talk of war does not jar in Germany while extremist talk of peace does not seem out of place in Britain.

HAS the Berlin crisis, which is the first major challenge to NATO since its inception, revealed a fundamental rift between Germany and Britain? Is it true that in the back of Macmillan's mind lies a willingness to reach a settlement in Europe with the Soviet Union at the expense of West Germany?

The Foreign Office spokesman in Whitehall would certainly reply: "There is absolutely no truth in . . ." And at the level on which he knows truth he would be quite right. But I am not at all sure that Adenauer's

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fears are altogether fanciful. The British people are more anti-German than any other nation within NATO. The French may hate the Germans more, but de Gaulle also dislikes Anglo-German supremacy in NATO and needs Adenauer's support in killing Britain's Free Trade Area plans. And his policy is virtually unhindered by any reference to public opinion. As for the smaller European countries in NATO, they have no alternative but to accept any policy on which Germany and France are agreed. "Little Europe," in short, does have a real common interest separate from that of Great Britain.

The Americans, for quite different reasons, have also developed exceptionally close ties with Germany. In part, of course, this can be explained by obvious reasons of state. But German-American links surely go much deeper than diplomatic expediency. The postwar spectacle of German recovery by close adherence to the classical principles of free enterprise and business efficiency—in such marked contrast to the rest of Europe—has won praise and sympathy from the American public. Moreover, Germany seems to be the one major European country in which Americans suffer no inferiority complex, where their motives are understood and their generosity appreciated. In Britain and France they are made to feel uncivilized, brash, rootless; but in postwar Germany, itself new, brash, and rootless, they feel more at home. Conversely, America is one of the few countries where Germans are not made to feel like barbarians, albeit reformed barbarians. How and why this came about cannot be gone into here. But the present sympathy and mutual confidence between the two countries is one of the more remarkable postwar developments.

Britons Just Don't Like Them

Such sympathy and mutual confidence certainly does not exist between Britain and Germany. Neither do the same reasons of state that bind France to Germany exist in Britain. In the first place, having refused to join Little Europe, Britain has never felt any compulsion to forgive and forget the past. Secondly, whereas France has received great economic benefits from Germany, British industry regards German recovery as an unmitigated curse. More important, since Britain is not associated with plans for European integration, change in the European *status quo* would be far less of an upheaval for Britain than for continental Europe. A whole generation of French and German officials have spent their careers drawing up plans based on the *status quo*. British officials, however, have no such vested interest in preserving current patterns. Having consistently stood aloof from Little Europe, they would have no objection to their cautious skepticism being proved wise.

But over and above these considerations is the unquestionable fact that the British people just don't like "Fritz." When President Heuss went to London last year the coolness of his reception was the most notable feature of the visit. The British are glad to have the Germans in NATO, because they think it safer to have them as allies than as enemies. But this is essentially a negative feeling. By the same token, they appreciate the importance of West Berlin as a symbol of NATO determination to deny the Red Army any further territorial gains. But this is a far cry from their having any sense of emotional involvement.

It is worth recalling that most Englishmen appreciated the theoretical case for preventing Hitler from carving up Czechoslovakia in 1938. What was lacking was that deep emotional involvement which, in a democratic age, is the only motive power for action. Czechoslovakia was a far-off country about which the British people knew nothing. Berlin is a not so far-off city about which the British people know a great deal—and most of it unpleasant. Solidarity with free Berlin is something which British politicians talk about but which the British people do not really feel.

If one raises the question of Berlin in a pub, almost without exception the reaction would be that the bloody Germans have caused two world wars and bloody well shouldn't be allowed to cause a third. Fighting for the "little" Koreans or the "gallant" Greeks or the "brave" Turks—that kind of thing makes sense in a British pub. But to risk being atomized for the bloody Germans seems just crazy.

To what extent is Macmillan influenced by this popular attitude? With an election very much in the offing it would be strange if he ignored it altogether. Certainly as a politician, if not as a statesman, he has every reason to welcome Dr. Adenauer's open distrust, which reassures all his critics on the Left as much as it satisfies most of his supporters on the Right. Nothing would be more electorally dangerous for a British prime minister than to give the impression of following in German footsteps to the "brink." Brinkmanship from Washington is unpopular enough. To accept it from Bonn would be electorally calamitous.

THERE IS ANOTHER important ingredient which helps to determine the tone and emphasis of current British policy. It has long been appreciated here that Britain can play a major role in the world only when flexibility rather than toughness is the prevailing diplomatic fashion. A tough policy, by definition, means one dominated by Washington, since then the emphasis is put on military strength. National pride, therefore, precludes a pessimistic view of East-West relations, because Britain sees its great-power role as being viable only at

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periods when subtle diplomacy is required rather than military strength. Once it comes down to holding firm, the Americans have to take over western leadership.

Mr. Macmillan is a great believer in the Greek-Roman analogy with Anglo-American relations. The British supply the brains and the Americans the muscle. No wonder, therefore, he is so anxious to believe that there is still scope for brain waves, for guile and negotiations. No longer strong enough to stand alone against a sea of enemies, Britain sublimates its frustration by standing alone against a sea of allies.

Most newspaper comment here on the prime minister's recent diplomatic missions is highly revealing. Nobody really knows his plans, and their content is scarcely discussed at all. All the emphasis is on the prime minister's having seized the initiative from President Eisenhower. "Flexibility," "negotiation," "compromise"—these are the substitute battle cries which today arouse the British people to a sense of leadership and destiny.

It is surely significant that the most fashionable dictum of Sir Winston Churchill in London today is not a quotation from his great wartime "blood, sweat and tears" speeches, but one of his least characteristic and least eloquent utterances about it being "better to jaw, jaw than war, war." Conservative M.P.s find it convenient, when explaining Macmillan's diplomatic initiatives to their constituents, to trot out this piece of Churchilliana. It cuts the ground from under the feet of those few captious critics on the Right who mutter "appeasement" and "Munich."

This is what is said to the constituents. In more sophisticated circles the argument is put forward that by suggesting a troop "freeze" in central Europe, Macmillan is hoping to spike the guns of the advocates of disengagement. Intellectually this argument carries much weight. But taken in conjunction with the current hunger for talks, the growing belief that the Russians might be prepared to compromise, and the general background mood, it is not surprising that Adenauer remains unconvinced.

Limited Wars And the Lessons of Lebanon

PETER BRAESTRUP

AFTER LAST SUMMER'S Lebanon and Quemoy crises had quieted down somewhat, the President drew a comforting lesson from the experience: "The readiness of our tactical forces to respond to potential aggressors was well demonstrated. . . ." Top-secret studies of both operations currently circulating in the Pentagon, however, are much less reassuring about our ability to stamp out brushfires. These post-mortems—especially on Lebanon—give new insights into the complexities of limited war and the nation's weaknesses in transport and service mobility.

The reports contain much material whose publication would constitute a gift to Soviet intelligence. I did not seek access to them myself. Instead, I interviewed some fifty top-ranking staff and operational officers in all four services, along with others who had either studied or participated in the Lebanon and Quemoy operations. Correlated, the interviews provide the gist of the studies' content, but no material prejudicial to national security.

In both crises, we must realize the United States enjoyed considerable good fortune: there was ample warning time; friendly bases and American forces were close at hand (as they had been in Korea); the forces required were relatively minor; both "hot spots" were easily accessible to American sea power; and most fortunately of all, no U.S. forces were engaged in actual fighting.

WHEN THE ORDERS to intervene in Lebanon started flowing out from the Pentagon on July 14, they found Vice-Admiral C. R. Brown's Sixth Fleet (two carriers, 130 aircraft, and forty-two lesser ships) scattered all over the Mediterranean. "We got caught with our pants down," says one high Navy officer.

The Sixth had been alerted before, then told to relax. The State Department wanted to avoid deployments provocative to enemies and alarming to allies.

Admiral Brown had one advantage: instead of the usual one-battalion Marine landing team, he had two on hand and a third was on its way over. (According to Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips, writing in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Brown, without authority from the Joint Chiefs of Staff or the President, had held back one battalion due to return to the United States. Nine hundred more Marines were flown in from the United States—again without authority from the JCS.) Brown got the Marines moving at high speed, ahead of his carrier-based air cover—taking a calculated

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risk that no enemy aircraft would appear.

Back in the Pentagon Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, stayed up forty-eight hours straight, urging his forces on. The Navy had troubles. Eighty per cent of its ships were built during or before the Second World War; and because of budgetary cuts, they were manned at only eighty per cent of wartime strength. Of Burke's fourteen attack carriers, five were in the Pacific, five were tied up in training or for overhaul. Only two remained in the Atlantic to back up the two already with the Sixth in the Mediterranean. Increasing obsolescence and constant sea duty had doubled breakdowns of amphibious ships since 1954, trebled breakdowns of major combat vessels, and required twenty per cent more effort and money spent on ship overhauls.

These facts of life soon became evident in the Sixth Fleet. The Second World War carrier *Essex* was twelve hours late getting under way. The obsolescent Marine-laden Landing Ships, Tank, could make only ten knots. Four major ships had "mechanical failures." One Marine battalion had to change transports en route.

The Sixth Fleet took two days to mass its full strength off Lebanon. But Brown managed to put his first 1,800 Marines ashore—minus assault helicopters and preliminary air cover—to grab the key Beirut airport eleven hours and twenty minutes after he issued their orders. Luckily, the beach was undefended. The Navy was well ahead of the other forces sent to Lebanon.

NEXT CAME the Air Force. Its Composite Air Strike Force, gathered from Tactical Air Command "brushfire" units in America, was given the tough job of rushing some 150 combat and support planes, plus maintenance crews and equipment, about 6,400 miles to the crude Turkish air base at Adana.

Adana is two hundred miles north of Beirut and 640 miles from the Soviet-Turkish frontier. Earlier deployment to Adana, as in the case of Sixth Fleet deployment in the Mediterranean, had been vetoed by the State Department as provocative. (Since then the Air Force has assigned squadron-size units to Adana.)

General O. P. Weyland's Tactical Air Command, home-based, has been cut by fifty per cent in combat strength (nine wings) in the last year alone. It gets only six per cent of the total Air Force budget and 58,000 of the Air Force's 850,000 men. Stepchild TAC still has to rely on propeller-driven KB-50J "tanker" planes to refuel its short-radius fighters overseas. It still lacks the short-takeoff aircraft it needs to support the Army in areas with poor airports. Its five troop-carrier wings (240 aircraft) are so heavily committed to support its own units and Strategic Air Command's that barely enough planes can be spared to lift 1,200 Army combat troops and their gear overseas.

As the Composite Air Strike Force headed for Adana, some of these handicaps showed up. Of the first twelve F-100 Super Sabre jet fighters that took off from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, only four flew nonstop to Adana—in twelve and a half hours. The F-100s had to refuel en route; the low-altitude KB-50J tankers could not fly above the weather. Bad storms snarled the refueling, and eight F-100s had to break off and land.

Within two days, however, most of the strike-force planes were in Adana; within three days, its pilots were flying round-the-clock missions over Turkey and Lebanon, supplementing the Navy's carrier aircraft.

LAST, through no fault of its own, was the Army. For lack of air transport, the Army's "brushfire" Strategic Army Corps (then four divisions, soon to be cut to three), based at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, was never utilized, although some of its units were subsequently flown to Germany as replacements. Instead, the Air Force in Europe carried the 24th Division's 1st Battle Group from Germany to Adana in six hours, and followed up with supporting units. This move necessarily diminished the five-division Seventh Army "shield" facing twenty-two Soviet divisions in Germany.

Bottlenecks and Makeshifts

As planes, supplies, and men poured into Adana, that airfield quickly became saturated; follow-up jets for the Air Strike Force had to wait en route in France.

Bottlenecks at Beirut and Adana, plus the need for reorganization, delayed the Army's arrival in strength at Beirut until July 19, four days after the first Marine landing. Moreover, the Army's tanks and most of its vehicles were not unloaded until August 5, almost three weeks later, and they came by sea. The limitations of airlift quickly became apparent.

Political factors further complicated the American movement, as they can be expected to do in the future: Israel banned American flights over its territory; Italy and Greece restricted military use of their airfields.

By July 25, eleven days after President Eisenhower and the Joint Chiefs issued their orders, some ten thousand Army and Marine troops were in the Beirut area. These troops proved adequate to do the job required, but they might have been in difficulties if any serious fighting had taken place. Fortunately no Soviet volunteers or ICBMs appeared. The lightly equipped spearhead forces were plagued by the lack of supporting units. Marine rifle companies had to be pulled off the line to handle supplies. One Army commander reports that without additional engineer units and equipment it would have been difficult to move even twenty miles inland in any strength.

As the Lebanon build-up progressed, logistics "backup" forces were hard pressed. The eighty transoceanic transports of TAC were too heavily committed to Air Force needs to support the Army as well. The Air Force-run Military Air Transport Service (four hundred transoceanic aircraft) was fully occupied in supplying normal needs for regular overseas forces, notably the Air Force. Even a fifty-plane diversion to help out in Lebanon "brought screams from the theater commanders," says one MATS planner. "The pipeline cannot be cut off."

Nor was the much-touted Civil Reserve Air Fleet much help. Officially, CRAF is composed of some 360 four-engined commercial airliners. By law, CRAF cannot be ordered into service except in national emergencies. During the Lebanon crisis,

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MATS had to negotiate at length with the airlines, taking what planes it could get when it could get them. Said MATS commander Lieutenant General William H. Tunner: "We went out with invitations to bid 205 times, and came to the point where ten invitations to bid received no response because no commercial airlines had aircraft that could be made available to us." The Lebanon crisis came during the height of the summer tourist season.

AMID all these American frustrations, the Soviet Union was staging a far bigger troop airlift from Odessa, on the Black Sea, to Bulgaria, using elements of the 100,000-man Soviet airborne army, which has its own five hundred transport aircraft. The United States was straining to lift one battle group and supporting elements from Germany, and its Army had no air transport it could count on.

The bulk of supplies had to be brought in by sea. The Navy-run Military Sea Transport Service, cut back since 1954 from 262 ships to 161, scattered on supply routes around the world, had no ships ready in the Atlantic when the Lebanon alarm sounded.

Lacking a single fast (over twenty knots) transport, MSTS seriously considered delaying the administration-ordered "mothballing" of nine modernized troopships on the East Coast, and putting them into active Lebanon service (demothballing time: twenty days). MSTS had only two fast cargo ships. Short of tankers, it had to charter five foreign-flag T-2 tankers to provide floating fuel storage for the Air Force at Adana. Even had ships been available, it would have taken MSTS almost a month, including loading time, to move an Army division from the United States to the eastern Mediterranean.

Limitations also showed up among the forces actually deployed in Lebanon. Nasser's Soviet-equipped Syrians had more modern arms than we did. The congested American supply points and airfields would have made good targets for enemy saboteurs, mortarmen, or stray aircraft.

Moreover, of the 220-odd American combat aircraft locally available, less than half could be used for close support of the ground forces. The Air Force had to cover Adana and its supply routes. The Sixth Fleet's carriers *Essex* and *Saratoga,* deployed in the narrow Mediterranean, had to reserve half their plane strength for defense against Red air and submarine threats. The high-speed jets could spend less time "on call," less time over the target than their propeller-driven Korean War predecessors.

In brief, despite the general agreement that aircraft now dominate ground warfare, the troops found that in the event of combat they would probably have to cope with a great share of their own battlefield problems.

Too Much Bang, Too Few Bucks

Lebanon also posed the theoretical question of using or not using nuclear weapons. "We couldn't have used 'nukes' in this area," says one Air Force analyst. "There wouldn't have been any worthwhile targets, and we would have turned the local people against us." Furthermore, the U.S. forces in Lebanon, with their bottlenecked logistics and heavy reliance on roads, would have found it hard to survive a nuclear counterpunch. Indeed, since Lebanon, the Army, which had removed much of its divisional artillery in favor of Honest John rockets, has begun putting back conventional 105-mm. howitzers into the Pentomic division.

The Air Force, too, has its nuclear problem. The combat aircraft used

in Lebanon—and Quemoy—were primarily designed to deliver "nukes." Conventional "low-drag" bombs, designed for high-speed jets, were and are in short supply; and today's aircraft can carry fewer of them.

The problems encountered in Lebanon have not been publicly revealed until now. Yet they reflect both the cutbacks in strength and mobility and the policy of increasing dependence on nuclear weapons ("more bang for a buck") to which the administration is still committed. How much graver and more difficult would be the problems involved in intervention in Iran, weakest reed among our allies, whose capital is not two hundred but nine hundred miles from the Turkish base at Adana, more than six hundred road miles from the nearest Persian Gulf seaport at Abadan, and well outside the effective range of Navy carrier aircraft.

Or take South Vietnam, whose capital, Saigon, is eight thousand miles from the United States and eighteen hundred miles from the only U.S. regional ground reserve, the understrength Third Marine Division at Okinawa. There is only enough slow, aging amphibious sealift to move half that division (or any Marine division) at one time; the movement would take almost a month. And the emergency airlift available for the Army is insufficient to move more than 3,600 men from the United States.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S policy remains the same: through NATO, SEATO, and individual pacts, we are now committed to the defense of forty-odd nations. The administration publicly recognizes the need for "adequate" forces. Defense Secretary McElroy, no military theorist, delayed the scheduled fifty-five-thousand-man cutback in the Marines and Army during the Lebanon and Quemoy crises; presumably, the administration thought these forces might be required. Now, however, the cutbacks are going into effect. Yet the forces for limited war, as shown in Lebanon, are seriously inadequate to meet the wide range of possibilities. It might cost $2 billion a year more (a five per cent increase), according to one Defense Department analyst, to bring the limited-war forces and their transport up to relative sufficiency. The administration and certain of the service chiefs say we can't afford to have two types of forces; the limited-war forces will be further reduced in fiscal 1960. But the question remains: can we afford not to have any alternatives to a third world war or inaction?

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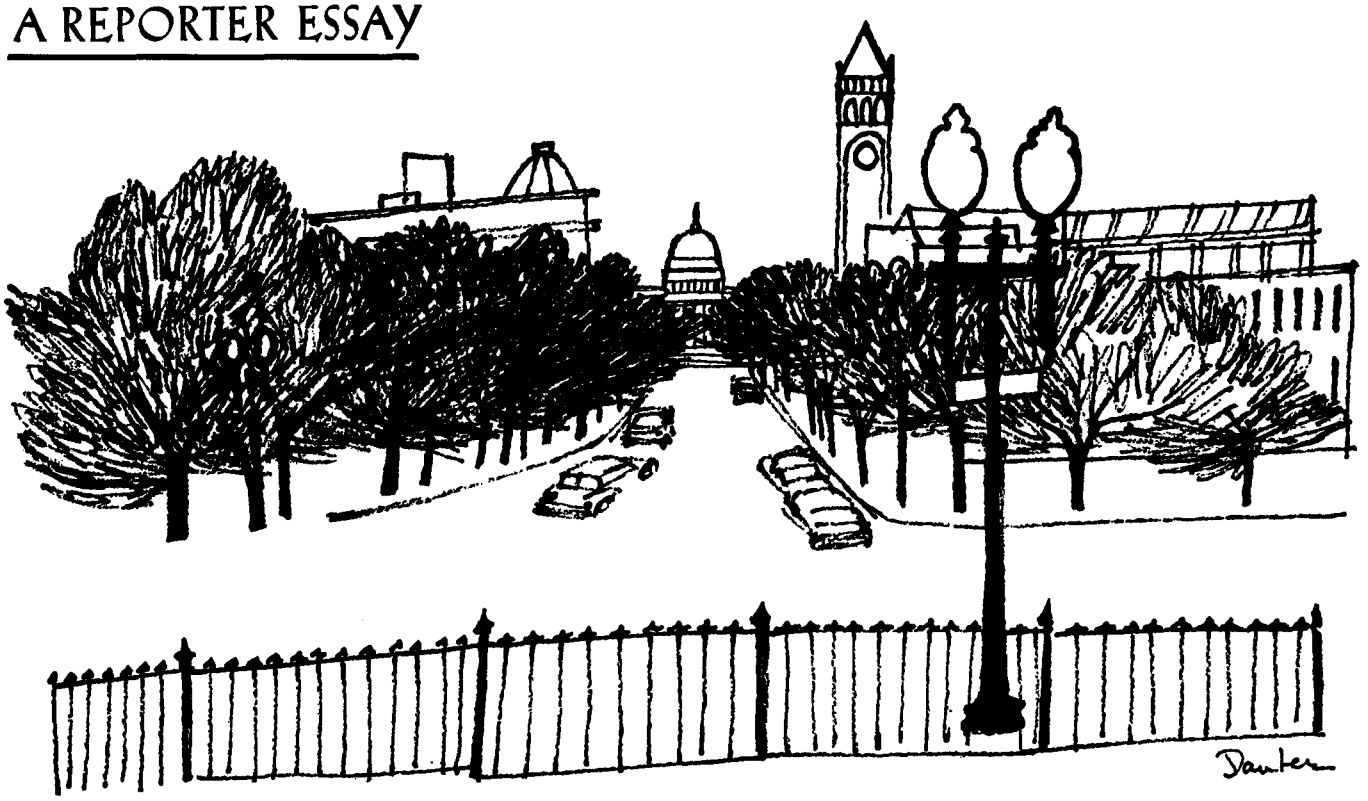
A REPORTER ESSAY



Foreign Policy on Capitol Hill

THOMAS L. HUGHES

LAST JUNE during hearings conducted by the Foreign Relations Committee, of which he was to become chairman eight months later, Senator J. William Fulbright volunteered some illuminating if pessimistic comments on the role of Congress in foreign policy. "I admire your persistence and optimism," he told a prominent witness who had been criticizing American policies in many parts of the world. "I must congratulate you on it . . . In a way I am flattered that you think the Senate can do something about this, and in another way I am a little disappointed that you have such illusions about your own government. You should understand it better than that."

After Mr. Fulbright had spent about ten minutes elaborating on this theme, the witness desperately countered: "Senator, surely you are not saying that the government of the United States, in which I include the three branches, is incapable of making good sense."

To which the senator replied: "I am asking you if you really think it is."

It goes without saying that the Constitutional status accorded the Executive and Congress is a standing invitation to struggle for control over foreign relations. Almost every candidate for national office, and a mounting percentage of national aspirants temporarily running for state and local office, have left little doubt that this foreign-policy struggle is bound to occur anyway—that it is simply enhanced by the explicit sanction given to it in the Constitution.

In this struggle the Executive branch enjoys certain advantages. In addition to the specific Constitutional power, party control, and the President's clearly defined responsibility to a national constituency, these advantages include a number of technical assets in the field of foreign relations: superior information, expert analysis, centralized planning, co-ordinated policy formulation, and speed and flexibility in execution.

But what happens when the Executive branch abandons its prerogatives and defaults on its obligations? It is now a common complaint, by no means restricted to Democrats, that the administration lacks those very attributes which have usually distinguished Executive pre-eminence in the foreign-policy field.

Who's in Charge?

One of the principal difficulties is that it is impossible to fix with any certainty the responsibility for the formulation of foreign policy in the present administration. Bearing upon it from different directions are decisions that are made, modified, or postponed in the State Department, the Pentagon, the Atomic Energy Commission, the National Security Council, the Central Intelligence Agency, and—far from least—the Treasury and the Bureau of the Budget. Many of the relationships within the Executive branch are as tense, and some of the animosities as entrenched, as are those between the Executive and Congress. Disarmament policy in the past three years has been one obvious and critical example.

Strong Presidential leadership is essential if Executive policy is not to be splintered among these competing centers of power. Instead, the top-level leaderlessness to which we have become

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accustomed simply serves to invite Congressional interest and participation, thus further dispersing the decision-making power. For the centers of power are even more widely scattered in Congress than in the Executive, and this is especially true in the area of foreign policy.

Indeed, any assumptions about the role of Congress in foreign policy and any assumptions about an alleged Congressional reaction to a foreign-policy issue are always open to doubt. There is hardly any such thing as a "Congressional reaction" except as a rough-and-ready projection of past committee decisions and of the present temperament of the Senate and House leadership.

Of course it is in the temporary interest of the Executive to complain about a "Congressional view" and of some in Congress to complain about an "Executive view." The temptation to seek scapegoats is always present and often seized. Members of the Executive and Congress, each group feeling uneasy about the other, at times happily exploit the situation in covering their own inadequacies when addressing the outside world. The expectation of trouble from Congress has often been useful to the Executive branch as a protective device in negotiating with foreign governments. For a State Department whose natural inclination may be to drift anyway, it is the easiest thing in the world to rationalize inaction on grounds of prospective trouble with Congress, or to suggest that what might otherwise be an imaginative foreign policy is being frustrated by Congressional attack. In much the same way, popular fancies concerning the motivations and capabilities of State Department personnel have been deliberately given false credence by political speeches from irresponsible congressmen.

Overlapping Powers

But it is not the formal struggle between Congress and the Executive that causes the most trouble. The routine ebb and flow of Executive-Congressional business, the multiple and circuitous processes that defy, overrun, and undercut jurisdictional lines and even the Constitutional doctrines of the separation of powers—these actually constitute the chief reason why, as Senator Fulbright has suggested, no one is really "in control."

The committee system is a case in point. It is not very systematic as systems go. One reason here too is the hobbling effect of jurisdictional overlap. The committees in Congress that have recognizable jurisdiction over some area or other of foreign policy include at least the following: Foreign Relations, Aeronautical and Space Sciences, and Finance in the Senate; Foreign Affairs, Ways and Means, and Science and Astronautics in the House; and one in each body of these —Appropriations, Agriculture, Armed Services, Government Operations, Commerce, Judiciary, Banking and Currency, Interior and Insular Affairs, plus the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

The Appropriations Committees have in large measure become third Houses of Congress. Their eroding impact on the two foreign-affairs committees has been increasing in direct proportion to the growth and importance of funds to foreign policy. The end is not in sight, as the opening skirmishes in this year's foreign-aid battle have clearly indicated.

Since 1946, when committee jurisdictions were refined in the Legislative Reorganization Act, a process of cellular division into subcommittees has promoted even more jurisdictional controversy. It scarcely matters that some of the subcommittees never meet; their chairmanships are considered worth a major amount of civil strife. Indeed, the competition within committees and among subcommittees surpasses in exasperation and dissonance anything that troubles the manager of the Metropolitan Opera.

A Congressman's Day

Needless to say, this tangled web of personal ambition, parochial interest, and partisan maneuver makes countless demands on a congressman's time. The picture is well known of the busy legislator arriving breathless and late at a committee meeting, leaving it early only to be late at the next. Each new Congress seems destined to face tasks more complicated than its predecessor. Even the most intelligent and dedicated congressman can devote only spasmodic and fragmentary attention to foreign affairs.

Under the circumstances, it is the most natural thing in the world for the average congressman to continue to simplify the external world out of all semblance to reality. He cannot escape the complexity of the domestic problems that stream across his desk. He is sorely tempted, therefore, to shift his favorite stereotypes and oratorical flourishes to the area of foreign affairs. It is a form of relaxation. It offers a change of pace.

Out on the stump a congressman is impelled more and more to venture into foreign policy simply as a device for blunting the attack of his opponents on domestic policy. Foreign policy, the last great redoubt for Congressional oratory, lends itself to grandiose expressions of sentiment that are helpful to the campaigning congressman's momentary reputation and are not easily susceptible to convincing counterargument or meaningful repudiation.

The temptation to tell minority nationality groups what they wish to hear, with ornate orchestrations on the emotions of war and peace, is a traditional and invaluable opportunity in many political campaigns. Moreover, many congressmen have found from experience that foreign affairs is a sufficiently important topic so that everybody is interested, and a sufficiently elusive one so that the non-differentiating audience can be charmed equally by Senator Goldwater one week and Senator Kennedy the next. However nightmarish it may seem to sober political scientists, every campaigning congressman is willing to consider himself an authority on foreign affairs should the occasion arise, and there are few standards of expert judgment that mean much to a congressman's audience.

Once in office, the congressman comes up against the barriers to effective action that have already been mentioned. When an individual member of Congress tries to hurdle these barriers, he does so episodically, usually by means of a foreign-policy speech, an "investigation," or a hasty visit abroad. No matter how hard-working and dedicated, he will on such occasions be accused of a variety of misdemeanors, including junketing, publicity seeking, and harboring Presidential ambitions. He may even be conspicuously and contemptuously silenced by an outbreak of Philistinism on the part of his own party leadership. Counterinducements from many sources, less publicly expressed, are the more usual inhibitors against a sustained display of intelligence and initiative by an individual congressman in the course of his official duties.

Meanwhile, the congressman is under constant pressure from his constituents to play a disruptive role. Every special interest routed through a congressman's office for action by an Executive agency upsets the smooth functioning of Executive operations, disturbs established procedures, may trespass on accepted standards—and is designed to do so. More and more, these interruptions are connected with foreign policy in the fields of contracts and personnel. Indeed, a particular congressman's interest and attention have often been first directed to a particular agency's operation by means of such a service case. The result is that an individual congressman, perhaps from purely personal or political motives, mounts a sortie into what is theoretically supposed to be an administrative function. All over Washington in a score or more of agencies, this is the most important kind of Congressional penetration of Executive responsibility. It is not the "broad policy lines" that Congress is examining or proposing. From

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time to time in a halfhearted way Congressional committees do try to undertake general appraisals of foreign policy. But the day-to-day preoccupation is with individual questions of immediate and limited relevance, and perhaps of rather more selfish concern to a congressman.

Does Anybody Veto?

The textbooks once said that Congress made the laws and Presidents enforced them. In reality the Executive now initiates much, if not most, important legislation and Congress modifies it. The President proposes and Congress disposes. The veto power, once supposed to be in the hands of the President, is no longer in his hands alone. Indeed, as issues become more complex, the experts are telling us that all Congress can really do is exercise an enlightened veto on Executive proposals. The same experts are likely to tell us that all the American voter can do is exercise a public veto on policies selected for him by competing elites.

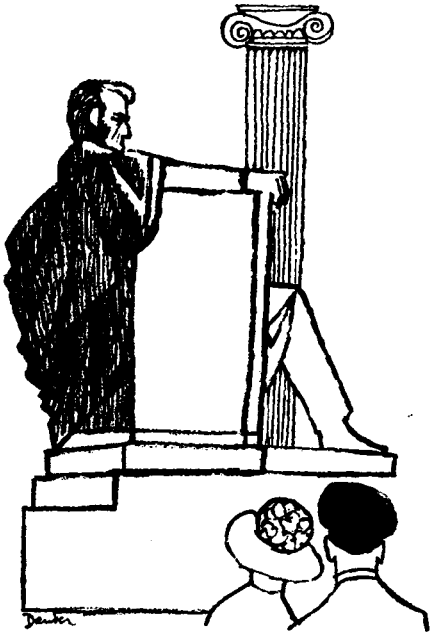
A crucial question then emerges: What if there is not much policy competition, and what if there are hardly any elites to choose among? What if the Executive, now having the power of legislative initiative, doesn't actually initiate much, and what if the Congress, now having the power of veto, doesn't exercise it? What if there is little proposing and less disposing?

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee itself, for instance, has been under the control of the opposition party for the last four years. Individual members of that committee—especially Fulbright, Humphrey, Mansfield, Kennedy, and Morse—have provided helpful and constructive criticisms of our current role in world affairs. Indeed, the committee has long regarded itself as a special and independent guardian of American foreign policy. Yet it is astonishing that with all its tradition the committee has not exerted itself more. It has done little to demonstrate its independence. Over the last few years, the committee has been applauded chiefly for its acquiescence in administration policy. Explanations for this semi-paralysis may be found in various places. One place to look is the Senate Democratic cloakroom, where the "principles of accommodation" have been elevated to the status of a new and demonstrably effective art form under the Texas leadership.

In the current Washington atmosphere there is a clear and present danger of too many accommodators being overly accommodating. Some men may be born accommodators, but in this respect our age has been unusually blessed. As a result, there are not enough polar positions left to require accommodation. As soon as everybody blandly starts to assume the role of Henry Clay, there is less and less left to compromise toward or away from. At the moment an objective observer might feel that we could stand a few more Calhouns and Websters expounding enough firmly held convictions to make the leadership's manipulations worth while.

'Talking Political'

Another factor in the situation is a difficult one for the public and many of the participants to accept. There has been increasingly widespread acknowledgment inside Congress of the value of reducing cloakroom talk to the lowest common denominator when politicians get together. Senators and representatives find that life is much easier if they



explain themselves to one another in terms of political opportunism. In this way a number of otherwise distasteful feelings about one another become palatable. Principles no longer get in the way of working relationships. Even friendships can result. "Talking political" takes everybody off the hook—at least in personal terms.

Naturally a concerted depreciation of issues as issues is inevitable in this situation. If the Southern hierarchy cannot abide a Humphrey and a Douglas because they appear to believe what they say on a thorny subject like civil rights, a mediator will intervene to explain that, after all, the Northern senators have to say it. And vice versa. The political explanation, even when it does violence to the character and personalities of the men involved, is acceptable and understandable, while an image of sincerity would be intolerable. There is general agreement that if everyone were sincere, and if sincerity were translated into real stubbornness, Congress simply could not operate. Nor could the principles of accommodation.

Clearly, senators and representatives resent being made out to be more opportunistic than they are. But most of them enjoy heightening their reputations among their fellows. Often these reputations suffer from taking strong lone-wolf positions on foreign policy.

It is true that the principles of accommodation are more frequently applied to domestic than to foreign-policy matters. But the appeal is often irresistible in the foreign field as well. It is applied whenever the President puts Congress on the spot, as with the Formosa Resolution and the Eisenhower Doctrine, by forcing a choice between sound foreign-policy inclinations and a publicly embarrassing repudiation of the President. It is also applied in the *quid pro quos* that tacitly link agriculture votes to mutual security, patronage to Un-American Activities appropriations, and Supreme Court legislation to immigration bills. Foreign policy in Congress is caught up in the political life of the institution, and that is not entirely auspicious for a fresh approach to foreign affairs.

The Confidence Game

Curiously enough, another part of the explanation for Congress's semi-paralysis in foreign affairs is the role of so-called confidential information. Members of the Foreign Affairs and Foreign Relations Committees often insist *pro forma* on obtaining classified information from the Executive. A good case can be made that they should have it, but it is even more fascinating to wonder why the Executive branch does not give it to them more readily. Congressmen both want and enjoy the feeling of consultation, and the psychological benefits likely to be derived are all to the State Department's advantage. Moreover, if the information bears out the State Department's policy position, the congressman who receives it is rendered relatively more helpless as an adverse critic.

Everyone accepts the fact that the reasoning behind certain policies cannot be grasped without the special information available to the Executive. This fact, however, is often useful to an administration even when it doesn't have a very thoughtful or imaginative policy to sell. Discussion on a highly confidential basis with individual senators or representatives or with committees frequently serves a dual purpose. First, the congressmen are flattered; they like the confidential aspect of being let in on

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something, and they like to hint to others that they know something in confidence that they only wish they were at liberty to disclose. Second, the introduction of a confidential element throws the average congressman's own analysis off balance; he respects those who know more secrets than he does, and his own confidence is jolted by this confidential disclosure.

If, as a part of this process, a certain amount of credit can be bestowed upon the congressman by the Executive, consultation can really become the "oil of government," criticism of Executive policy can be blunted, and persuasion through participation can reach new heights of effectiveness. After all, persuasion is a continuing process, and it can be helped along in a variety of ways. As Congressional committees and the Legislative Reference Service both draw increasing numbers of personnel from Executive agencies for their own staffs, there is no reason why the liaison cannot blossom at all levels.

No reason except prudence. For this sort of liaison is not desirable per se, any more than contention between the branches is desirable per se. The vital questions are not of institutional means but of substance. A tremendous amount of time can be spent by Congress in working out its relationships with the Executive, and by the Executive in smoothing its relationships with Congress. But the concentration on reconciling these essentially operational problems of government constantly deflects attention from policy.

To the degree that the chief problem for either branch becomes the other, attention is distracted from the world scene, which is providing more than enough challenges for both. If our sights are trained and our time is consumed trying to promote mutual respect and deference between the Executive and Congress, we can easily be caught in a descending spiral of ineffectiveness in meeting mounting world problems. It is possible to check and balance a government—especially ours—into a kind of irrelevant equilibrium.

Now, it is one thing for a dynamic, forceful, imaginative administration to concern itself with buttressing its Congressional support, promoting an atmosphere of mutual concession, winning the personal friendship of opposition leaders to run administration errands, and seeking advance public-relations support by Constitutionally unnecessary policy resolutions. But it is, to say the least, a good deal less significant for a timid, retrenchment-minded administration to go to this effort. If the main objective is merely to perpetuate past policies and hold onto the *status quo*—and if compromise is required even to achieve this limited aim—then the topic we are discussing comes down to one of distinctly third-rate importance: the promotion of relations for the sake of relations.

The gentle picture, so often drawn for us by sophisticated columnists a few years ago, of Secretary Dulles and the late Senator George "co-ordinating" foreign policy over coffee at a Mayflower Hotel breakfast table had even then a slightly passé aroma. Historians may regard it as one of the major curiosities of our time that when the international situation required a major effort at critical thinking and new approaches, a weak and declining administration was piously embraced by a strong and "responsible" opposition party in Congress.

Whither Bipartisanship?

The evocation of bipartisanship continues to be a significant factor in Washington. Since 1955, with different parties in control at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue, the blanket of bipartisanship has become especially useful in covering up legitimate struggles in the name of a nondescript "unity." The appeal for bipartisanship has conspired with an overconcentration on Executive-Congressional relations to produce an end result of sham battles, undisguised credit and publicity seeking, and little forward thrust toward new world policies. Bipartisanship as a living endorsement of mutually understood means and ends in foreign policy is one thing; bipartisanship as a mere cliché is another. Indeed, a threadbare bipartisanship can undermine the whole democratic process.

Surely in these days of dynamic conservatism and prudent progressivism, one of our major problems is to retain enough difference between the two parties to provide at least some vestige of meaning in the voters' choice. Yet the morning after the 1958 elections, following the most dramatic overturn of Congressional seats in twenty years, the Republican Secretary of State and the Senate Majority Leader hastened to say that there were no foreign-policy implications in the elections because foreign policy was, of course, a bipartisan affair. The implications could not be more subversive of democracy, in theory or practice. In effect, this means that as far as the life-or-death questions of foreign policy are concerned, you may vote either way. In any event, your vote will not disturb the continuing political moritorium on foreign-policy change.

Bipartisanship on the military and economic defense of western Europe ten years ago was vigorous, substantive, and meaningful. To a large extent it still is, as the party alignments on the Berlin crisis prove. But what about the vast areas of new non-European problems, from Africa to China, from missiles to space? What about new developments in Europe itself? Can we really afford to depoliticize the crucial work of policy-making in these broad areas where a consensus has not begun to form?

A Hopeful Ferment

These are the real issues of the moment, and the calamity is that we must face them without sustained Executive leadership for at least another twenty-one months. Uncertainties over State Department leadership complicate the situation even further. "I do not think there is the remotest chance for Congressional control of foreign policy," Fulbright has said. And he is certainly right. Congress cannot hope to take over large-scale Executive tasks. The odds against far-reaching changes are probably insurmountable.

But even minor changes can become cumulatively significant. Congress, after all, has some tasks of its own that must not be shirked. The same Constitution that calls upon the Executive branch to "make" foreign policy demands the "advice" of the Senate, and in practical terms this injunction now applies to the House also.

At the moment the situation on Capitol Hill is in ferment. The Senate and the House are full of new blood. Many of the new members departed from tradition and campaigned constructively on foreign-policy issues. Moreover, the two main foreign-policy committees are in a period of transition. In addition to its new chairman, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has four new members; aside from *its* new chairman, Dr. Thomas E. Morgan, the House Foreign Affairs Committee has eight new members. Some of the new committee members on both sides of the Hill are men of special competence—like Albert Gore, Frank Church, and Chester Bowles.

For the first time in years these two committees can become focal points for such realignments as are possible on Capitol Hill. They are capable of conducting frank and thoughtful public discussions of world affairs that could release new energies and attract new allegiances. They can bring conscientious criticism to bear on policies that are increasingly losing their way. And they can join with their enlightened colleagues, however few, against the odds, however great, to help move the foreign policy of their government off dead center, out of the rut of full-time adjustment to the principles of accommodation into the enormous new realities of world affairs.

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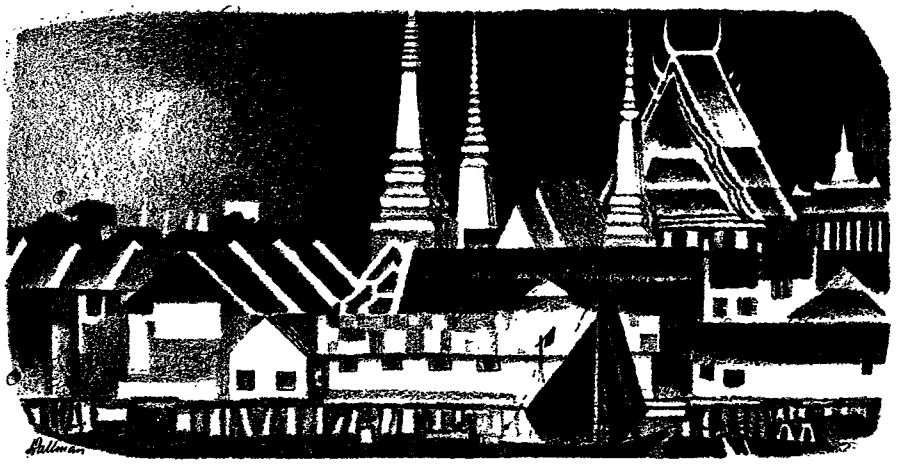

MUSIC

When the Twain Meet

FRED GRUNFELD

TRUE TO THE ADAGE that the devil always finds work for old China hands, the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein have successfully launched a further contribution toward the *rapprochement* of East and West. Columbia Records has released the original-cast version of their flower-drum singsong (OL-5350), thus facilitating invidious side-by-side comparisons with *The Mikado, Madama Butterfly,* and *The King and I.* Meanwhile other leaders of the Broadway theater have taken up the challenge, illuminating the murkier recesses of the Orient with klieg lights: *Rashomon* reverts to the time-honored traditions of the Japanese costume movie; Joshua Logan explores the world of Suzie Wong, a sort of Chinese Kitty Foyle; Molly Goldberg introduces gefüllte fish to the Japanese diet.

This sudden spate of *chinoiserie* caught the drama critics off balance, just as the movie reviewers were dumfounded by the sight of Ingrid Bergman traversing the same territory with a battalion of waifs. ("The Chinese Children's Marching Song" from *Inn of the Sixth Happiness* is fast becoming a jukebox hit, though not of *River Kwai* proportions.) The music critics, however, have long since grown accustomed to the *Drang nach Osten* as it affects their specialty. They have seen Orientalism swell from a trickle into a trend; have heard the sensuous bamboo flute from afar and felt their pulses quicken to the throbbing gongs in the distance.

Many signs point to an eventual fusion of cultures, to an ultimate yang-yin relationship between eastern music and our own. Admittedly, most of our "Orientales" only reflect fads, and many a composer has resorted to eastern disguises for the worst kind of western claptrap—"In a Persian Market," "Tambourin Chinois," and so forth. But no matter at what level, a composer who flirts with the Asian muse reveals his underlying discontent with what he has inherited in the way of working materials. The fact is that in our century western music has turned to Asia and Africa to save itself from rhythmic and melodic stagnation.

OUR TROUBLE LIES in the boom of the big bass drum. The symphony orchestra, one of the most complex and certainly the best organized of the world's instrumental ensembles, has evolved only a handful of ways to deal with the tyrannical, persistent thump with which the drummer punctuates the proceedings. Two rhythms, above all, symbolize what we have managed to accomplish: the HUP-two-three-four of the march, and the SLIDE-two-three of the waltz.

The only way out of this impasse lies eastward, in regions of incredible rhythmic vitality where local drummers think nothing of splitting a measure into minute fractions of beats, and where four or five different meters may move along in one and the same piece. "In Bali," writes Colin McPhee, an American composer who spent the prewar years soaking up the island's folklore, "a processional orchestra ordinarily included some twenty players. Each man sounded a single note, striking gong, cymbal or drum. Each man beat out an independent rhythm; the rhythms interlocked and created an exhilarating pattern of sound whose tireless energy was ideal from the functional standpoint . . ."

The essential purpose of such music, as defined by Confucius, is to "fill the ears" and make the melody "flow without a break." A Chinese flute player proceeds stepwise along his scale like a nimble dancer putting one foot in front of the other on a tightrope. His notes perform none of the crude jumps that exasperate Asian ears when they first come in contact with symphonic music—the breaks in momentum and gaps in melody that seem to make a Beethoven concerto move by fits and starts.

Western listeners, in turn, may think of Oriental music as a meaningless jumble of notes because the pitches seem to slide downhill and the melody gives us so little to "hold on to." But the Great Khan's formidable array of instruments must arouse our envy and admiration. Nothing in the bare cupboard of European orchestration can match the classic dance band of Cathay, manipulating the eight traditional "sounds in nature": the sound of skin (in drums), of stone (in a sort of stone glockenspiel), of metal (in bells and gongs), of clay (in porcelain ocarinas), of silk (in many-stringed harps), of wood (in hollow-sounding blocks), of bamboo (in flutes), and of gourds (in a sort of harmonica). By comparison, that

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characteristic western institution, the marching band, has little to offer beyond the interminable thud-boom.

Once they get an inkling of such Oriental riches, few composers of the West can remain satisfied for long with the scanty arsenal at their disposal. McPhee went to Bali because he heard its siren song on records. In his book *A House in Bali,* he explains that "it was quite by accident that I heard the few gramophone records that were to change my life completely, bringing me out here in search of something quite indefinable—music or experience . . . The records had been made in Bali, and the clear metallic sounds of the music were like the stirring of a thousand bells, delicate, confused, with a sensuous charm, a mystery that was quite overpowering. I begged to keep the records for a few days, and as I played them over and over I became more and more enchanted with the sound . . . The day came when I determined to make a trip to the East to see for myself." (One of the results of his search, the toccata "Tabuh-Tabuhan," appears on Mercury 50103, in a performance by the Eastman Rochester Orchestra under Howard Hanson.)

The phonograph brought the world to the western composer's doorstep and made him realize—with something of a jolt—that his universal language was in reality little more than a rather limited and parochial patois. The English composer Constant Lambert once tried to define his home territory by girdling it with folk music on records—"starting from Catalonia, going on to Andalusia and over the sea to Morocco, eastwards through Persia and India as far as China and Japan, then back through Siberia to Central Asia and Caucasia." He concluded that "in spite of the striking differences between these various forms of so-called native music, the real break comes between the square-cut and breezy melodies of Catalonia and the Oriental arabesques of southern Spanish flamenco music, between the modal tunes of European Russia and the chromatic tunes of Eastern Russia." Lambert's geographical experiment can be repeated at leisure on LPs with the help of the vast Ethnic Folkways catalogue of on-the-spot recordings, and with Columbia's KL series of folk material, as well as with such individual releases as the Balinese gamelan concert (Columbia ML-4618), the Azuma Kabuki musicians of Japan (Columbia ML-4925), and Ravi Shankar's "Sounds of India" (Columbia WL-119).

LONG BEFORE the itinerant phonograph, Jesuit missionaries provided Europe with scattered information about Far Eastern musical affairs. One memento of their early activities still survives and sees active service by the most roundabout of routes: a Chinese melody quoted by Jean-Jacques Rousseau in his *Dictionnaire de Musique* of 1768 was appropriated by Carl Maria von Weber for his incidental music to Schiller's version of Gozzi's *Turandot* in 1809, and subsequently served as springboard for some of Paul Hindemith's most exuberant variations in the "Symphonic Metamorphosis" of 1943. Hindemith himself conducts the Berlin Philharmonic in the definitive recording of that score on Decca 9829.

Aside from such occasional accidents of history, eastern influence entered Europe chiefly by way of the two border regions, Russia and the Iberian Peninsula. The nineteenth-century Russian nationalists, exploiting their Tatar and Caucasian legacy, took the lead in bringing the Orient into the concert hall. In quick succession they produced a stack of scores illustrating Arabian legends, Persian classics, and the landscapes of Central Asia, works that came as a shock and a revelation to their colleagues in Paris and Vienna.

The French enjoyed their first really good look at this music during the Paris International Exposition of 1889, when Nikolai Rimski-Korsakov came to conduct a memorable pair of Russian concerts at the Trocadéro. He introduced such thought-provoking novelties as his own Arabian-Russian "Antar" Symphony, Mussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," and Borodin's "Polovtsian Dances"—*"Les Polovtsi étaient une peuplade sauvage de race Turque en Russie au XII-e siècle,"* the program carefully explained. It was typical of Rimski-Korsakov that he did not leave the exposition empty-handed; at the Hungarian and Algerian cafés he found more grist for his exotic turn of mind. "The virtuoso-playing on the *tsevnitsa* (Pan's pipe) gave me the idea of introducing this ancient instrument in *Mlada* during the scene of dance before the Queen Cleopatra. At the Algerian café, in the dance of a little girl with the dagger, I was captivated by the sudden blows struck by a Negro on the large drum at the dancer's approach. This effect, too, I borrowed for the Cleopatra scene."

In another part of the International Exposition, the twenty-seven-year-old Claude Debussy made a discovery that set him on his ear: a

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gamelan orchestra from Java and a troupe of dancers from Cambodia were camped on the Esplanade des Invalides and set up a jangling that reverberated in Debussy's music for the next thirty years. In middle age he still recalled the experience with pleasure: "Javanese music . . . observes a counterpoint in comparison to which that of Palestrina is nothing but a childish game. And if one would listen, without European prejudice, to the charm of their 'percussion,' one would have to admit that ours is nothing but the barbarous noise of an outlandish circus."

With the sound of the gamelan gongs still fresh in his memory, Debussy wrote the piano piece "Pagodes," an exercise in atmosphere employing tinkling bell effects and Oriental scales (*vide* Walter Gieseking's "Estampes," Angel 35065). More important, this brief encounter reinforced Debussy's preoccupation with instrumental textures; it supplied the basis for that shimmering *pointillisme* of sound which we associate with the "impressionist" orchestra.

A FEW JADE PEBBLES dropped into western ponds sent out their ripples in ever-widening circles. Gustav Mahler based his finest score, "Das Lied von der Erde," on poems of Li Po, deftly grafting Chinese twigs onto the oak branches of German symphony (Bruno Walter's definitive recording is available on London A-4212). Maurice Ravel toyed with delightful pidgin parodies in "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" (London A-4105). Beginning with Schönberg and Stravinsky, virtually every important composer of the avant-garde has availed himself of material that the East has placed at his disposal. One of them, the experimentalist John Cage, summed up the case when he asserted that those who "wish to imbue their music with the ineffable"—a devoutly desirable quality from every standpoint—"find it necessary to make use of musical characteristics not purely Western."

The Oriental elements of the new music are not always apparent to the ear, often because they affect the ground plan rather than the decorative surface of a work. The Schönberg twelve-tone system parallels the Hindus' dependence on ragas, the fixed melodic patterns that determine the course of a composition. The French mystic Olivier Messiaen consciously designs many works according to Hindu formulas. Edgar Varèse, dean of the iconoclasts, has ventured in the direction of all-percussion ensembles that look like gamelan orchestras but have a sound all their own.

The most dynamic balance yet struck between East and West occurs in the music of Alan Hovhaness, an American composer of Armenian-Scottish descent who has made the most of both possible worlds. Like the architecture of San Marco in Venice, his music draws its strength from the confluence of two strong currents in art, and the net effect is splendidly Byzantine. Saint-Saëns, who tried something similar in his "Algerian" and "Egyptian" excursions, once complained about the "interminable grace notes, beyond notation," warbled by the singers of Moorish Spain. ("Their art is intermediate between birds and man," he decided. "It is not a higher art!") Hovhaness puts these interminable grace notes to new uses and feels no compunction about adding ingredients from old European recipes—fugues, dance forms, brass choirs, sixteenth-century counterpoint. MGM Records has expressed its faith in his genius by issuing a continuing series of Hovhaness albums, notably the "Saint Vartan" Symphony (MGM 3453), the Concertos for Violin and Piano (3674), and the ballet "Is There Survival?" (3164). Recently, Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony recorded Hovhaness' powerful "Mysterious Mountain" (RCA Victor LM 2251), another score that points the way to the sound of things to come, to a musical synthesis of Orient and Occident.

Ironically enough, before this fusion takes place the East may have abandoned its ancient ways and traded its birthright for a sorry mess of pottage. Japanese jukeboxes blare out Presley, and Tokyo coffee shops give you Chopin in hi-fi. A Russian-made documentary on "The New China" shown here some years ago prominently featured that splendid institution, the brass band—strutting down the dusty road to a tune that sounded for all the world like a "German Children's Marching Song." All you could hear was the boom of the big brass drum.

MOVIES

Bonjour, B.B.

CYNTHIA GRENIER

PARIS

IT WAS a long trek out to the Studio Saint-Maurice on the far side of the Vincennes Woods next to some racing stables, where Brigitte Bardot had begun work on a new film, *Babette Goes to War*.

"This movie is going to do for Brigitte what *Bus Stop* did for Marilyn," producer Raoul J. Levy said enthusiastically, after greeting me. The scenario, which has reportedly passed through such assorted hands as Harry Kurnitz, Irwin Shaw, and Marcel Achard (although none of these gentlemen will appear among the credits of the completed film), tells of the adventures of a wide-eyed French girl last-minute-evacuated to England in 1940. The plot wills that, taken on as kitchen help at the Free French headquarters in London, she ends up, because of her resemblance to the mistress of the one German general who has the invasion plans for England, being trained and parachuted with a Resistance group into occupied France to lure and kidnap said general. The film may indeed be some sort of a turning point in Miss Bardot's career: her contract decrees that she is to remain clothed throughout the picture. Mr. Levy, however, pointed out the special erotic excitement in this film for World War II veterans. "Through-

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out the whole film Brigitte will be in uniform—in their uniforms. Think of all those men thinking 'She's wearing right next to her skin the very same clothes I wore through the war.' They'll get a much bigger charge than seeing her naked—more subtle."

Inside on the barnlike sound stage, Levy steered me over to where a young girl in riding costume was sitting in the lap of a plump gray-haired woman. "Brigitte," he said gently. The girl looked up at us with very wide pretty eyes. She did not stop chewing her gum. "Brigitte," Levy said coaxingly, an arm about my shoulders, "I want you to meet a good friend of ours. *Elle s'appelle Cynthia. Elle est très gentille. Dis bonjour à Cynthia, Brigitte.*" Brigitte obediently said hello with a shy smile, eyes still rather bigly solemn, handgrip warm and firm. Standing up, she surprises by suddenly being almost six feet tall. But neat, graceful proportions, large eyes and full lips, and an imposing mass of hair all create a kind of felicitous harmony despite the very long legs. She always laughs behind her hand, as if to hide her slightly prominent front teeth. Part of her celebrated pout comes from her pushing her full lower lip up to mask her teeth.

THE SOUND STAGE, which had seen reconstructions of several Free French offices in London, an English laboratory, the interior of an airplane, the German War Office, and a wartime Paris café, now sheltered an elaborately baroque eighteenth-century interior of a Paris apartment belonging to a duke and duchess. A quite real world seemed to exist in these four tapestry-covered walls—any one of which might vanish in a few seconds to make way for the camera. Technicians adjusted lights from the narrow catwalk bordering the top of the walls. The director of photography, his aide, and the cameraman rode the heavy camera back and forth along the tracks for a traveling shot until they had the right angle lined up for director Christian-Jaque. Best known for his highly successful *FanFan la Tulipe*, Christian-Jaque, an amiable, witty man in his early fifties, is one of France's top commercial directors and unexpectedly pleased with his current job. "After seven weeks' work on the film, we haven't had a single disagreement. She's been punctual, sweet-tempered, hard-working."

While he O.K.'d the shot, his assistants ran off to collect the actors from the nearby cafeteria. In a few minutes the three who composed the members of the Resistance group arrived, bundled up in overcoats and scarves: the German actor Hannes Messemer, tall, blond, and elegant in *feldgrau* general's uniform, and Brigitte hand in hand with her young co-star, Jacques Charrier. Her light-brown wig was mussed and set askew. "Comb the children," commanded Christian-Jaque. "And," he added to the make-up woman, "you'd better touch up their lip rouge. They both need it." Brigitte giggled, cuddling embarrassedly against Charrier's shoulder.

Christian-Jaque went into a huddle with his actors, first explaining the movement of the scene, then walking with them through the actual paces. "Brigitte," he said, "you come limping in on Messemer's arm. So." He watched her a second. "No, no. You limp like this—not too much, not too little." A wrinkle of concentration appeared between her brows as Brigitte applied herself to hobbling into the room. "Fine, you've got it. Now, go straight to Jacques—keep limping. As you go to embrace him, wink, so he'll know what's up." Brigitte pulled a big wink that scrunched up her face. Christian-Jaque laughed. "You'd better practice your winking." She pouted fiercely and winked away so energetically that she had herself and Charrier completely doubled up. "Enough, Brigitte," Christian-Jaque said coldly. She instantly, still flushed from the giggles, stiffened into silence, went to Messemer's side, and quickly and accurately ran through the scene. "Good, Brigitte." She beamed and went to sit down with her retinue of make-up woman, hairdresser, stand-in, etc.

Messemer, leaning against the door of the set, murmured in German to the bearded German technical adviser, "I've never seen human eyes so empty of all expression as hers."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Nothing," Messemer smiled. "Nothing at all."

On the first take, Brigitte's lines got lost in a burst of coughing. "What's the matter?" Christian-Jaque asked solicitously. "My cold," she answered plaintively, sniffling a little. "It makes me cough." Christian-Jaque pulled out a flat box from his pocket. "Here, these will help your cough. Take two with some water." Brigitte obediently trotted off. Minutes passed.

"Brigitte, we're waiting for you!" called Christian-Jaque.

"I can't come now," came her plaintive mumble.

Christian-Jaque walked over briskly to the far side of the stage where Brigitte and her girls were seated. "And why not?" he demanded, hands on hips. She looked up at him. "Because the instructions on the box say I've got to suck the pills. So I'm sucking, and when I suck I can't talk." Christian-Jaque stared at her, his eyebrows rising before he spoke: *"Bon Dieu,* chew them right now, get them down and let's get going." Brigitte shrank back, her eyes began to fill. "Is it all right to chew them?" she timidly asked. Christian-Jaque sighed, patted her shoulder. "Look, my child, I chew them all the time. You do know how to chew?" She nodded, biting her lips.

Brigitte walked back into position under the lights, rather worriedly, crunching on her pills. "O.K. *Silence. Moteur. On tourne,*" called Christian-Jaque. *"Vas-y,* Brigitte." She hobbled into the room on Messemer's arm, gave her first line, let out a sudden yelp, *"Merde!,"* and ran off to the nearest mirror, a huge eighteenth-century affair on the set wall. "I've broken a tooth," she moaned, straining to see into her mouth. Christian-Jaque, Charrier, and her women quickly surrounded her, sat her down, and tilted her head back, all trying to peer into her mouth to see what damage had been done. Christian-Jaque imposed a little order, asked which tooth, looked hard. "Brigitte," he said finally, "nothing is broken." She blinked away tears.

"What gave you the idea you'd broken a tooth?"

Brigitte stammered, "That old pill, when I bit down on it, it made such a loud *noise!*"

"Noise doesn't break teeth, Brigitte dear," he said patiently, and reassuringly patted her on the head.

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THEATER

Cause Without Effect

ELIZABETH YOUNG

LONDON

IN THE SPRING of 1956, the English Stage Company was formed and took over the Royal Court Theatre in Sloane Square, John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* was one of its first productions, and Kenneth Tynan was theater critic of the *Observer*. *Look Back in Anger* reached the new company reputedly dog-eared with rejections; without Tynan's enthusiastic review it might well have sunk quietly into the mud of tired daily criticism. As it was, the Angry Young Man was born, weaned, and reared in a matter of days. He reached his majority on television a few weeks later.

Jimmy Porter, with his diatribes against the whole *cache-sexe, cache-coeur,* cash-everything philosophy of British society (with the royal family as fig leaf in chief), acted like a magnet to a huge variety of unformulated feelings, intuitions, impulses, emotional convictions. Kingsley Amis's sharp Lucky Jim, Colin Wilson's vastly and dubiously documented Outsider, John Braine's rooming-at-the-top Joe Lampton—none of them is as resoundingly definite, as exhilaratingly angry as Jimmy Porter. The very incoherence of his complaint added to his stature as a symbol. "But what's he got to complain *about*?," puzzled elders and comfortable contemporaries objected. "Didn't he get his university education at the taxpayers' expense, hasn't he married a sweet, long-suffering upper-class girl who loves him? What does he *want,* good God?" And because the answer was, "If you don't see, you *can't* see," and the play was at the same time a box-office success, the theater, pumpkin-like, suddenly became a marvelous vehicle for a cause. The Cause was the redemption of society through true feeling—"candor, valor, grace, and sensuality," in Tynan's phrase. Almost the whole intelligentsia began writing plays.

The redemption of society is of course a leftish or at least "progressive" ambition. But in this case the means (an art form) and the end (a revivification of the emotions) meant that the cause could not align itself with the conventional Labour Party, with its statistico-economic socialism and its odor of overdecent bureaucracy. Jimmy Porter, the character in the play, and Kingsley Amis, the novelist writing a Fabian pamphlet on why he couldn't really get interested in the Labour Party, were both, in that summer of 1956, bewailing the lack of causes. By which they meant in fact political causes that one can go for hammer and tongs, and not the dainty and tedious improvement of society by means of art.

THAT FALL, the *Observer* announced a play competition with an encouragingly unconventional panel of judges and a requirement that the action of plays submitted be postwar. The Oxford Playhouse reopened and has since done sixteen new plays. The New Watergate Theatre Club presented at a West End theater *A View from the Bridge, Tea and Sympathy,* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,* all plays banned for "public" performance by the Lord Chamberlain, the palace official who acts as censor of plays. There was a vertiginously aerating discussion at the Royal Court Theatre, where five writers chaired by Kenneth Tynan put forth a multitude of views on, basically, the Writers' Theatre, a discussion since kept sizzling by the "little" magazine *Encore.* There was a successful but boomerang prosecution by the Lord Chamberlain of Theatre Workshop, Joan Littlewood's highly esteemed shoestring company in the far East End of London, for altering chunks of a play after its licensing. This was the first in a series of losing battles, planned withdrawals, and Pyrrhic victories which the Lord Chamberlain has lately engaged in. The most ludicrous was his long campaign against a reference to God, in Samuel Beckett's *Endgame,* as "the bastard"; he had permitted *"Il n'existe pas, le salaud,"* but dug in his toes over the translation of *"salaud"* as "bastard." Eventually he settled for "swine."

Theatrically, then, there is a more permissive climate than has existed for a long time. The theater, in spite of residual dinner jackets and orchids, and of a general standard of criticism based on dowdy or anachronistic values, has slowly been updating itself. There are plenty of devoted and talented young people about, whose professional passion is reinforced by their political views. There has even seemed to be a little money available here and there. Only one question remains to be answered: what about the plays themselves? Has the promise of 1956-1957 been fulfilled?

A GREAT DEAL was expected of the *Observer* plays. During the winter of 1957, the prize winners began to reach the stage, and in the fall of 1958 they were published. Seven were chosen from nearly two thousand. Clearly there is no shortage of would-be playwrights. In the preface to the collection, Kenneth Tynan wrote: "We wanted eyes that were focussed, ears that were bent, on the turbulent world around us; we hoped to answer Arthur Miller's charge that the English theatre was 'hermetically sealed off from life.'" (Miller had made this charge, along with another that the English theater is more class-conscious than the American, at the Writers' Discussion at the Royal Court.) Not unexpectedly, eyes and ears are what come across in these plays. None of them is as precisely relevant to the "turbulent world around us" as John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger,* or as his second play at the Royal Court, *The Entertainer,* or—except for N. F. Simpson's *Resounding Tinkle*—as some other plays by new writers that have been produced in the last year: Doris Lessing's *Each His Own Wilderness,* about politico-emotional tensions between the generations; William Golding's *The Brass Butterfly,* about science and politics and

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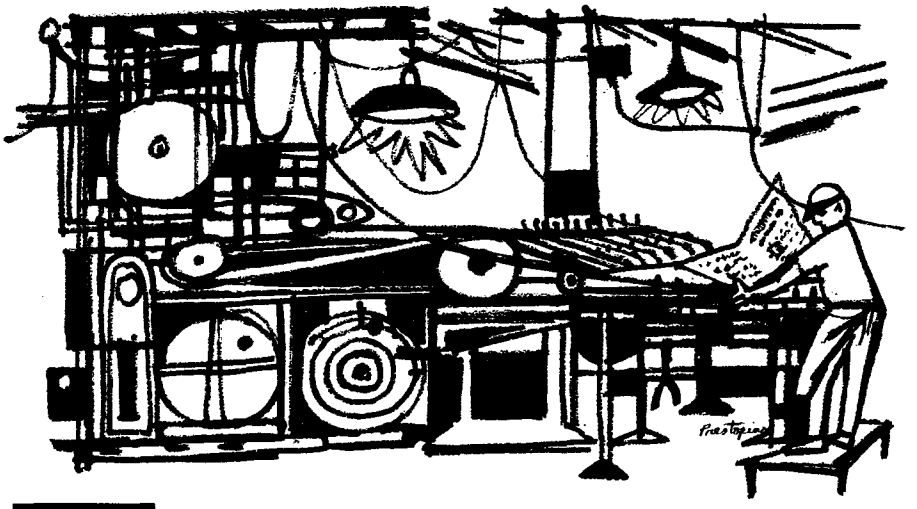
religion; Willis Hall's *The Long the Short and the Tall,* about the possible variety of thoughts about prisoners of war personified in a platoon of soldiers in the Burmese jungle; and so on.

The strength of Osborne's plays lies in their appositeness. Their situations are precisely contemporary—which could of course mean that when the "here and now" they refer to is "there and then" they will lose their interest. But what the *Observer* plays have in common is that they illuminate, in the world around us, situations that have always existed—the provincial boy with ambitions, the nature of political ability, life among the outlaws (subdivision criminal), the curious results of measuring out one's life in coffeespoons, the difficulties of immigrants, life among the outlaws (subdivision artists), and life among the political assassins.

No one has responded passionately to any of them, nor has any of them been a commercial hit. They are, some of them, good plays, with memorable characters, language, situations, but they are in no sense calls to action or to more than temporary identification. They are not, in short, the political activity which the theater suddenly seemed in 1956 to be capable of. The reason perhaps is Suez, Hungary, Cyprus, the British H-bomb, Little Rock and Notting Hill. Genuine political causes suddenly started raining down like manna. I would guess that many of those who started writing plays three years ago are now spending their time writing letters to the press, reading the *Universities and Left Review,* and organizing demonstrations against the H-bomb.

So there we are. Not back where we started, because the London theater is certainly no longer "hermetically sealed off from life." It continues strongly class-conscious; but as long as class-consciousness is one of our prime native characteristics, it will be part of our writers' material. It is at least a little difficult for writers to be as unself-consciously class-conscious as they used to be, and that is something. But the British theater is definitely back among the art forms and no longer a vehicle for a cause.



PRESS

The Morning After

JOHN B. JUNIUS

Journalism, as every student knows, deals with the who, the where, the when. But in answer to such questions as who, where, and when, there are not only the absolute facts but the *desirable* facts, which turn data into something interesting and therefore salable as news. Who? A celebrity. Where? Right here. When? Now.

Part of any newspaperman's job is to assemble what facts he can find and turn them into a story that will help sell the newspaper. Part of his pleasure in his work, moreover, is to "build up" his story and get it onto the front page. That is why a bricklayer sometimes gets described as a "contracting executive." Faraway events can be brought closer by concentrating on a New Yorker caught in a Baghdad riot, or by putting all foreign political news in terms of some supposedly "pro-American" faction. But the most curious and least appreciated journalistic technique goes into making the real time that something happened—whether it be yesterday or even last week—sound like the desired time: today.

The search for a "today angle" leads newspapermen into many strange maneuvers. Few are so desperate as the classic obituary that began: "John Smith was dead today. He died yesterday." Yet a recent UPI story about a man who had fallen off a building started: "Marvin R. Harber, thirty-five, was alive today. . . ." In theory, the newspaperman tries to find out what *is* happening in the aftermath of the event that didn't get into his paper the previous day; but often nothing new is happening at all. Since most afternoon newspapers are put together in the early hours of the morning, the new developments are largely verbal: An airplane crashed yesterday, so "investigators today probed the wreckage of . . ." A child disappeared yesterday, so "police broadcast a thirteen-state alarm today for the blonde blue-eyed . . ." After yesterday's sex murder, "police today began investigating all known sex deviates in a search for the killer who . . ."

There are certain words that a veteran newspaper reader should recognize immediately as signs of disguise, like the crease at the edge of an actor's wig. "After" is obviously telltale—"John Jones read his Bible in his jail cell today after confessing the triple murder of . . ." "Amid" is becoming fairly transparent, too—"Abdul A Bulbul Amir was named caretaker premier of Arabia today amid mounting anti-American riots

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that left twenty dead." Obviously, the twenty were killed yesterday or the day before, but they were still "left dead" today. And there is another significant word there: "mounting." Although the same situation often continues from day to day, it is a rule of thumb that editors die of boredom at the sight of the word "continuing," and the only way to bring them back to life is to change it to "mounting" ("rising" or "spreading" will do too). In what tabloids call "pre-dawn darkness," the rewrite man also draws conclusions with words like "appeared": "Governor Rockefeller appeared today to have won his tax battle . . ." (i.e., he won it yesterday). But the perennial favorite is "told" or "talked," as in a recent UPI dispatch from Iola, Wisconsin: "Dr. Frank Wiley received patients as usual today and talked of how he robbed their homes to satisfy his passion for antiques."

Occasionally a newspaperman gets sick of all this hocus-pocus and decides to write a "timeless" drama of human interest (which one news service refers to as "the old H. I."). Here's a recent beginning from the Associated Press: " 'Grandma, would you do anything in the world for me?' asked 8-year-old Janice Wilberg." The idea, implicitly, is not only to obscure what day it is, but what the story is, until the reader has been lured into curiosity about what Grandma will tell Janice Wilberg.

I don't want to sound hostile toward such poetic devices. I once had to write a story about a ten-year-old who had butchered four or five members of his family after our last edition went to press the day before. After interviewing schoolteachers, neighbors, and police, I was quite pleased with myself for thinking up what I considered a boldly original "second-day lead" that began: "Why? That was the question that . . ." But the news editor had other things on his mind, didn't care about the case, and wanted it cut down to "what actually happened today," which I did in three dull paragraphs. Was it a vindication or merely a proof of banality to see the first edition of the rival tabloid with a long story on the same case that began: "Why? That was the question that . . ."?

There are various names for the process of making news seem newer than it is—"freshening it," "retopping it," "putting a second-day lead on it," etc. But the problems remain the same, whether the news was old before it was announced (like the recent New York *Times* report that "The State Department was still hopeful today" that Iraq would not go Communist), or whether the news was fully reported by some other newspaper published earlier in the day (news services refer to the "morningers" and "afternooners" as representing two different "cycles" of news). It is primarily this competitiveness that makes editors insist on putting newness ahead of importance in the "today angle." They seem unable to realize that newspaper readers, unlike editors, do not buy all the papers and compare them to see who's ahead on every story. In fact, most readers probably choose their papers because of the comics and features, and never notice whether there is a "today" in the lead of a story at all.

FINALLY, there is another important time element in the question of what news gets published. That is the day of the week, which roughly governs the amount of advertising, and consequently the size of the whole newspaper. Anything that happens on a Friday, for example, has to be pretty important to get printed at all, for the simple reason that few advertisers either can or want to reach anyone on a Saturday. The day after the thin, feeble Saturday papers wither on the stands, Sunday editions roll forth with so much space available that nobody can fill it all with news.

Days in advance, wire services and feature writers have been aiming for that fat target, with a complete inversion of the usual "today" approach. Instead of trying to make aging news sound as though it had just happened, they write about future events as though they were *about* to happen. The verbal techniques are familiar—officials prepared today, they mapped today, they charted today, they were set today to do something, they put the finishing touches on it—all of which is considered part of a "forward-looking" story.

The need for before-the-fact stories also accounts for H.F.R. (Hold for Release). A variation on the standard obit, which is prepared for the anticipated death of some octogenarian statesman, the H.F.R. is a story written in the past tense about an event that is expected to follow a preordained pattern but has not actually happened. The original idea was to save cable tolls by sending a story through the mails and then "releasing" it by a short cabled message, but today the H.F.R. is aimed at getting into a newspaper office before the rush hours. One fine example occurred during Queen Elizabeth's coronation, when my news agency sent out "colorful" descriptions of the event the night before it took place. A series of stories ran: "Queen Elizabeth began her coronation drive through London . . . ," "Queen Elizabeth entered Westminster Abbey today . . . ," "Queen Elizabeth was crowned today . . ." We watched it on television and periodically "released" the latest day-old account.

Another story that can be planned in advance is the "reaction" that editors consider mandatory on any major news. The UPI got into print on the tail of the Tibetan upheaval with a story from Tokyo that began: "Red China's image as a friendly model for neutral Asian nations was crumbling today under withering criticism of its bloody tactics in Tibet."

EVEN WITH such efforts, however, there simply isn't enough legitimate news on Saturdays to fill the holes among the giant sheaves of Sunday advertisements. To avoid having completely white spaces, newspapers rely on "timeless" dispatches like this one from a recent Sunday edition of the New York *Times*: "Mexico appears puzzled about declarations by President Ydigoras Fuentes of Guatemala that an invasion of his country is being planned here." Some editors call it "eight point"—meaning simply any old words or sentences that can be turned into print in the standard eight-point type. More generally, since the "facts" in such stories are insubstantial to the point of being ectoplasmic, they are known as "moonlight."

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BOOKS

A Nostalgia for Steam Engines

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

JOHN BETJEMAN'S COLLECTED POEMS. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

The appearance of this book in England has been the publishing phenomenon of the year. For a quarter of a century the poems of John Betjeman have been appearing shyly in little magazines or the slimmest of slim volumes: to know of them, still more to be able to quote from them, was the hallmark of a particular strand of English literary society, upper-class, amusing, nostalgic—the private password to Kensington drawing rooms or country houses. Quite suddenly he has ceased to be a private talisman and become a national heritage, the first poet in living memory, the first poet probably since Tennyson, whose collected works have sold forty thousand copies in three months. For years the critics have been sadly convincing themselves that metrical poetry could never again reach a large audience, that Eliot and Dylan Thomas had become popular as dramatist and bard respectively, not as poets. How has Betjeman penetrated the defenses of so many people so quickly?

The obvious answer, that he combines a brilliant ear for the comedy of the English class structure with a profound sense of nostalgia, does not by any means encompass the whole of his value. It is true that no one since, perhaps, Belloc has so felicitously guyed the English social system, the highpointing of whose subtle distinctions is still the great national pastime. "Think of what our nation stands for," his fashionable lady implores the Almighty during the London blitz:

"Books from Boots' and country lanes,
Free speech, free passes, class
distinction,
Democracy and proper drains."

It is not true satire, for it is too loving to have an edge. Yet it is far superior to the hammy introspection that passes for humor in, say, *Punch*, for Betjeman has explored every nuance of class distinctions among Oxford dons and junior army officers, civil servants and clergymen. It is sociological reporting rather than satire.

Betjeman's passionate love of Victorian architecture, his defense of Gothic churches, crenellated railway stations, and castellated town halls, is well known:

"Beside those spires so spick and span
Against an unencumbered sky
The old Great Western Railway ran
When someone different was I.

St. Aidan's with the prickly nobs
And iron spikes and coloured tiles—
Where Auntie Maud devoutly bobs
In those enriched vermilion aisles:

St. George's where the mattins bell
But rarely drowned the trams for
prayer—
No Popish sight or sound or smell
Disturbed that gas-invaded air."

But this is not pure eccentricity. His appeal lies in the fact that, like Crabbe extolling pastoral England in the midst of Britain's first Industrial Revolution, he casts the eye of love on a civilization at the very moment when it is passing away. He extols the world of gas and steam:

"Rumbling under blackened girders,
Midland bound for Cricklewood,
Puffed its sulphur to the sunset
where the Land of Laundries stood.
Rumble under, thunder over,
train and tram alternate go,
Shake the floor and smudge the ledger,
Charrington, Sells, Dale and Co.,
Nuts and nuggets in the window,
trucks along the lines below."

He hates the world of England's second Industrial Revolution, the world of electronics and nuclear fission:

"Come, bombs, and blow to
smithereens
Those air-conditioned, bright
canteens,
Tinned fruit, tinned meat, tinned
milk, tinned beans
Tinned minds, tinned breath."

This affection for the vanishing past, combined with his remarkable feeling for childhood, gives him the same kind of power over the hearts of his countrymen that in a different way Salinger has acquired over his own.

No one, including Betjeman, would claim that he is anything except a minor poet: his themes are slight. But he is nevertheless a true poet. He has all the true poet's sadness, strangely intertwined with his passionate high Anglican churchmanship and his equally passionate interest in sex:

"Oh whip the dogs away, my Lord,
They make me ill with lust.
Bend bare knees down to pray, my
Lord,
Teach sulky lips to say, my Lord,
That flaxen hair is dust."

But if he finds his way into the anthologies, as I think he will, it will be as much for his eye as for his ear. Take his little landscape portrait of Essex:

"Like streams the little by-roads run
Through oats and barley round a hill
To where blue willows catch the sun
By some white weather-boarded mill."

Or of Cornwall:

"We used to picnic where the thrift
Grew deep and tufted to the edge;
We saw the yellow foam-flakes drift
In trembling sponges on the ledge. . . ."

Or of Ireland:

"Stony seaboard, far and foreign,
Stony hills poured over space,
Stony outcrop of the Burren,
Stones in every fertile place,
Little fields with boulders dotted,
Grey-stone shoulders saffron-spotted,
Stone-walled cabins thatched with
reeds,
Where a Stone Age people breeds
The last of Europe's stone age race."

These have not only a remarkable feeling for the *genius loci* but also a craftsmanship that is the more skillful for being wholly unobtrusive.

Betjeman, despite his Dutch name (the bequest of a distant ancestor), is a very English figure, and to many Americans his irony may seem labored and his values cockeyed. It it his disarming capacity for laughing at himself and at these English values, while firmly cherishing both, which makes his poems so hopeful a contribution to the permanent literature of Anglo-Saxony.

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In the Shadow of the Scales

GORE VIDAL

THE PLEDGE, by Friedrich Duerrenmatt. *Knopf. $3.*

Love, like a sense of humor, is now claimed by everyone even though Love, like a sense of humor, is rather more rare than not, and to most of us poor muddlers unbearable at full strength. Our literature both popular and serious is drenched with Love, possessed by Love, usually sexual, though *caritas* will do; and if one only had a dollar for every time the word "compassion" has been used to describe some writer's best quality, one would be rich indeed. In the theater, where contemporary prejudices and superstitions are traditionally revealed at their most naked, Love has become *deus ex machina*. Act I, someone has been cruel to someone else. Act II, crisis: the callous one is told the blunt truth about his unLoveableness, in much the way characters in advertisements are told about denture breath by best friends. In Act III, hands are outstretched (usually without words because these *volte-faces* are impossible to justify); the lights on the bed upstage increase as the lights downstage dim—and bravo! Joshua Logan has done it again. Love has triumphed because that's all there is, isn't it? Us. Me and you. I mean you and I. Our age has chosen its device (Eros crossed by biological symbols) and, in America at least, all other themes have been forsaken, dashed to bits on Dover Beach.

But now, like an avalanche in far-off mountains, comes Friedrich Duerrenmatt, a Swiss detective-story writer with a genius for the theater, to give us a new theme, or rather to remind us of an ancient one: justice. And he has arraigned with wit our Loving time before that austere tribunal.

I HAVE READ three of Duerrenmatt's eight novels, two of his six plays. I have studied his photograph on dust jackets (an interesting and not entirely irrelevant sport: the way a man chooses to be photographed is always significant). Duerrenmatt is thirty-seven and looks older; he is disarmingly fat (in each novel we get at least one rich dinner, ecstatically described); yet he poses with a cold eye and a set mouth: his posture (to use a word beloved by the golfers Heaven has put over us) is that of a judge, a hanging judge. As for his career, he has been writing since 1947 and his novels all seem to be thrillers—moral melodramas—while his plays include last season's success with the Lunts, *The Visit,* and the brilliant *Fools Are Passing Through,* which failed off Broadway.

I realize my characterization of Duerrenmatt's novels will have created a certain unease: if they are really only thrillers, why bother with them? And at first glance, it is odd that Duerrenmatt, a moralist of the first rank who could so easily write "serious" novels about Love, should have chosen the detective novel as the form best suited for his particular vision. Duerrenmatt's own explanation is somewhat startling. In a recent essay, he comments on our time's stultifying literary climate, where writing is "studied but not made" and where "the demands made of the artist by esthetics increase from day to day". Wanting to create, but not wanting to do it in the manner fashionable, he proposes with engaging candor that "perhaps the writer can best exist by writing detective stories, by creating art where it is least suspected. Literature must become so light that it will weigh nothing upon the scale of today's literary criticism; only in this way will it regain its true worth". A paradox calculated to chill the classrooms of the Academy.

Yet assuming that we know what is meant by art in the novel (the exercise of an unusual sensibility in order to illuminate the human prospect . . . all right?), has Duerrenmatt on his own terms made art in the novel? Of the three books I have read in translation (*The Pledge, Breakdown, The Judge and the Hangman*), I would say that in the first two he has, although I find his chosen manner limiting. Where he is free and inventive in the theater, he is formal and conventional in the novel: the perverse opposite of most dramatist-novelists who tend to construct plays like clocks and improvise novels like Comus's rout. But these books are fascinating as expressions of a first-rate mind obsessed with the idea of justice; and if they are less effective, less brilliant than his plays, it is, I suspect, because he has chosen to beguile the simpler reader, to evade the higher criticism, to impart lightly a serious vision.

DUERRENMATT'S novels follow the classic mystery-story line: a crime is committed, the criminal is discovered, justice is done. Duerrenmatt's crimes are usually murder; the detection is precise; only in the ultimate justice does he transcend his form. It is here the comic ironist reveals himself. In *Breakdown,* the best of the novels, a traveling salesman's car breaks down. An elderly man, a former judge, puts him up for the night. There is a dinner party. The guests are a former prosecutor, a former defense attorney, and a former executioner. During one of Duerrenmatt's better dinners (six lavish courses), they play a game. The salesman, a very ordinary opportunist, is put on trial for the murder of his predecessor in the firm. The predecessor died of a heart attack but actually the salesman could have been—indeed was, as the trial progresses—morally responsible. The old men are devotees of crime, for it is "crime alone which makes justice possible." In a mad drunken scene, they convince the salesman that "he had killed because it was only natural for him to squeeze somebody else out" and they sentence him to death—a sentence he finds eminently just. Then, as final turn to the screw, though Duerrenmatt has prepared us for the salesman's execution at the hands of the old men, it is the salesman who hangs himself in expiation, much to the surprise of the old men.

In *The Pledge,* just published, a little girl is found murdered (it seems like only yesterday that Shirley Temple sang "On the Good Ship Lollypop"—how dangerous times have become for the small girl!). Matthäi, a soon-to-be retired police

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inspector, promises the child's mother that he will bring the murderer to justice. A peddler is arrested; he commits suicide; the case is closed. But Matthäi, knowing the peddler was innocent, and himself mad with justice, devotes what turns out to be the rest of his life to finding the murderer. Years pass. Matthäi waits patiently. He prepares an ingenious trap; the murderer almost falls into it but at the last moment he evades Matthäi's justice. Matthäi continues to wait but his prey eludes him to the end. By accident the narrator, another policeman, discovers the murderer's identity. It is an irony within an irony; and to reveal it here, unfortunately, would rob the work of some of its effect.

Duerrenmatt has chosen his seedy protagonists with deliberate care, since in his own words: "The state today cannot be envisioned for it is anonymous and bureaucratic. . . . Any small-time crook, petty government official or policeman better represents our world than a senator or president. Today art can only embrace the victims, if it can reach men at all; it can no longer come close to the mighty. Creon's secretaries close Antigone's case."

The victims are Duerrenmatt heroes, for they must struggle in a society grown vast and impersonal. But though to Duerrenmatt "the universal is chaos" and though he has rejected superstition and dogma (*Fools Are Passing Through* is a satire on true believers, the "100 per centers" as he calls them), he does not reject the idea of justice, of law. Put paradoxically, he says: there is no divine law but we disobey it at our peril. Put simply: we are responsible for our acts even though there is no god. If man is to survive in a nonhuman universe of which he is a trifling part, the idea of justice must be maintained, for without justice there is chaos, as Duerrenmatt shows most plainly in *The Visit,* whose furious ending is the *Eumenides* in reverse.

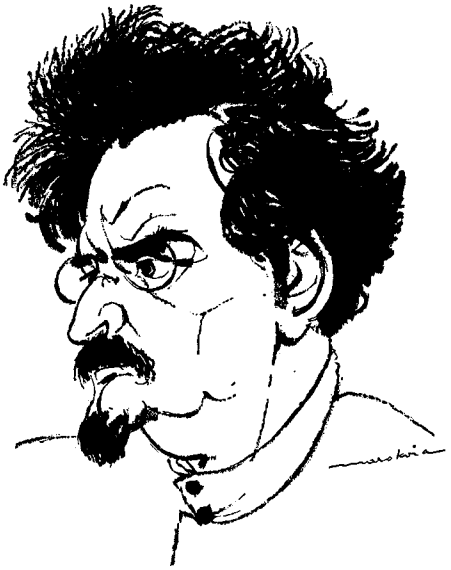
FRIEDRICH DUERRENMATT'S vision is a cold one but pure, and very nearly unique in our day, for in his devotion to the idea of justice he has succeeded in casting across an age committed to false Love the dark shadow of the scales.

The Ghost of Leon Trotsky

ALFRED KAZIN

THE GREAT PRINCE DIED, by Bernard Wolfe. *Scribner's. $4.50.*
TROTSKY'S DIARY IN EXILE: 1935. *Harvard University Press. $4.*

It is almost nineteen years since a GPU agent put a pickax into the brain of Leon Trotsky, and during that period Trotsky's interest for everyone has certainly diminished. Despite the usual acknowledgment of his brilliance and literary gifts and a certain abstract sympathy for his fate, it is impossible, now, not to blame him for many features of the terror system that murdered him



and several of his children. Between 1940 and now there have emerged the worst horrors of totalitarianism—Russian as well as German. The once electrifying figure of the outstanding intellectual and military organizer of the revolution, the historian and European *homme de lettres*—always so admired by intellectuals in particular, who found their beau ideal in this very incarnation of revolutionary intelligence and energy—now looks at worst like a self-deluded ideologue who mistook his "laws" of history for reality, and at best as the admittedly tragic figure who, with the highest confidence in his ideas, his rectitude, and himself, managed step by step to prepare his own destruction.

The memory of Trotsky stirs up embarrassment among those who admire his intellectual gifts and militant spirit. No man ever destroyed so many people so loftily, so idealistically, so self-approvingly while watching his face in the mirror of history; and it is because he was at the same time a tragic anachronism, a nineteenth-century scientific intellectual at the mercy of the twentieth century, that he elicits embarrassment. Every intellectual is to some extent a dupe of his own rationality, of the belief that reality is as logical as one's thoughts about it. But to think that the most brilliant, the most high-minded, the most cultivated of the Russian Communists never understood his Communist opponents, never for one moment conceded that his dogma was in part the author of his impending fate—this is indeed to be embarrassed for one's vanity as an intellectual.

IN 1937, Mr. Wolfe, only twenty-one, was for eight months a member of Trotsky's secretariat in Mexico, and he says that it has taken him the better part of twenty years to develop the necessary emotional distance toward his old hero. This early attachment to Trotsky was at the time characteristic of intellectuals, for whom he personified the highest intransigence and brilliance; and an essay Mr. Wolfe has added to his novel shows so many complicated feelings, all of them intense, that one is not surprised to find him escaping into attacks on the lingering sentimentality for Communism among European intellectuals like Sartre. But what makes Mr. Wolfe's novel itself unsatisfying is the fact that he exhibits all the passionate, noble, and contradictory feelings about Trotsky that his former admirers are still likely to feel; they will reproach him with every mistake, charge him with any crime, so long as they can slip the suggestion in that he was a great man. Far from losing this opinion, Mr. Wolfe has even created a fictional character, Victor Rostov,

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who has all of Trotsky's intelligence without his acerbity, all his obstinacy without his fanaticism, and who adds to Trotsky's vision of the revolution a certain softness, an evident self-doubt, that—whatever Trotsky's actual despairs in the last period—are plainly foreign to the everlastingly self-righteous man whose diary of 1935 has been published by the Harvard University Press.

Mr. Wolfe says that in a novel full of invented or transformed incident, it would be improper to call a fictional creation by the name of Trotsky. True, but this does not change the fact that Victor Rostov, a rather kindly and verbal man, makes a much nicer Trotsky than the real one. In his diary, he compared himself to a doctor who could cure people but who is not allowed to practice and must yield to quacks and charlatans. "That would approximately be the way I feel as I watch the criminal work of the 'leaders' of the French proletariat. Conceit? No, a deep and indestructible conviction."

THERE is the real Trotsky—the man who so combined intellectual sweep and moralistic Bolshevik arrogance that he could say of a harmless French novel that its "eroticism . . . smacks of the police blotter"; who picked up an Edgar Wallace and shouted that "by this book alone you can judge to what a degree enlightened England (and of course not England alone) remains a country of cultivated savages"; who with his precious "dialectic" was just as credulous and mystical as any communicant but for whom the news that the Pope had sent a blessing by radio to Lourdes was enough to call out a frenzy of contempt. "And what could be more absurd and disgusting than the union of proud technology with the sorcery of the Roman chief druid? Indeed, the thinking of mankind is bogged down in its own excrement." Trotsky was a superb writer and the Stalinist hacks who sent so many of his comrades to death were vulgar careerists; but this Bolshevik passion for invective, for phrases that are merely arrogant but that pose as principles —this unites Trotsky with a Vishinsky far more closely than his admirers would have admitted twenty years ago.

Mr. Wolfe is concerned with a fictional creation named Victor Rostov, not with this savagely polemical and compulsively contemptuous intellectual. But actually Rostov is at times too soft, too yielding, already too weakened with "guilt" to support the brilliant historical career—Trotsky's own—ascribed to him. And, equally, Rostov's staff in Coyoacán are themselves so riddled with disillusionment that Mr. Wolfe has had to leave out a whole dimension of feeling for him—intellectual emulation, always very characteristic of Trotsky's immediate following. Years ago I heard Trotsky's leading American disciple deliver a two-hour lecture to an audience of half-literate working people that was such a shameless display of personal erudition and intellectual operatics that he seemed more interested in catching the Master's personal style than in any working-class problem.

In Mr. Wolfe's novel, the immediate entourage are already virtually anti-Trotskyite. Mr. Wolfe has not only imposed on the characters of 1940 the current craze for psychology and the apolitical outlook of so many ex-radicals today, but he has often "made" fiction by dramatizing his ideas of things rather than the things themselves. Despite many felt scenes and an irresistible sympathy that the reader will extend to a writer so intelligent and full of *brio,* the overwhelming impression his novel makes on me is of how *intellectual* it is. In scene after scene we find Mr. Wolfe translating into actions, into phrases, into colors, his prior notion of human motivations. Even in his style the author depends heavily on free-association images that are really ideas, heavily psychological and self-conscious. This reliance on quick formulas of description seems to me unfortunate, a basically inartistic quality in a book that asks to be judged on the level of creative imagination. Yet the very phrasemongering, the rapidity of the formula with which people's lives are summed up, the alertness and aggressiveness of intelligence—these qualities in Mr. Wolfe are familiarly attractive in themselves and explain why "Rostov" can talk endlessly in the same style of political monologue. Other people's unconscious may be dark and stormy; Rostov's is all politics, phrases, sharp edges. At one point he says to the Mexican police chief whose criticism of the moral failure of the Russian Revolution has stung him, "If you want guarantees, don't try to make history; invest in three per cent bonds." There is the authentic voice of the leader, the man who from the tribune of the victorious Soviets told the Menshevik leader that "You now belong to the dustbin of history." Phrases, phrases! Yet each phrase is a concept, an idea, a notion; and the chain of these phrases, moving in a surge, is what gives Trotsky's writing its firmness. In reading his monumental *History of the Russian Revolution,* one actually feels that the phrases and epithets are the very rhythm of history moving on to its appointed destiny. And in an age when the language of literature seems to refer only to private emotions (in conflict, not passion) rather than to the quickening sound of history as it is made by men, one feels again the reason for his enduring hold on intellectuals.

BUT at what a cost! For the sense of power that with one hand Trotsky creates in his *History,* where language seems the very sound of history in motion, he took away with the other, by assuming that words were not only signs but absolute realities. He could actually conclude his *History* by stating that where Czarism introduced into world parlance such barbarisms as "czar," "pogrom," "knout," the October Revolution has internationalized such words as "Bolshevik," "soviet," and "piatiletka." "This alone justifies the proletarian revolution, if you imagine that it needs justification." In short, where "October" once stood for a date or an insurrection, it now stood for reality: the word had become flesh, and if you didn't believe it, you were pulled out of the human community and off the face of the earth. Trotsky himself always lived by words; for him the word stood not for the thing but had become the thing itself, which is why his precious "October" still signified the possibilities of human brotherhood even when this same revolution—in "the wrong hands," of course—was knocking the pickax into his brain.

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The Patient's Dilemma

EDWARD T. CHASE

THE DOCTOR BUSINESS, by Richard Carter. *Doubleday. $4.*

THE ENGLISH HEALTH SERVICE, by Harry Eckstein. *Harvard. $5.50.*

While everyone knows that the science of medicine is being revolutionized through new drugs and surgery, few realize that traditional American medical *practice* is being replaced by a new system. Contrary to widespread belief, the main impetus for the change in medical practice is not ideological or even technological but economic—spiraling costs which have doubled the medical bill in a decade (while the cost of living has risen roughly twenty per cent) and have caused hospital rates to rise about five per cent year after year.

Essentially the shift is to systems that promise to bring less expensive, more comprehensive, more preventive care more expeditiously to more people in the community. The most decisive change effecting this is group practice by the doctors combined with group prepayment from the patients.

Significantly, owing to the intransigence of the American Medical Association, the initiative for changes and improvements in practice has passed from organized medicine to organized labor, consumer groups, the insurance business, and the younger physicians. Though the A.M.A. has resisted any changes threatening its ideal of private, fee-based, solo practice, nevertheless group practice and group prepayment schemes are spreading steadily. Today about a third of all physicians and an estimated half of all postwar medical graduates are salaried.

AS A CONSEQUENCE of group practice, two basic elements in the traditional "doctor-patient relationship" disappear: the patient's theoretically unlimited right to pick his own physician and the right of the doctor to set individual fees as the source of his remuneration. He becomes salaried or is paid on a per capita basis. Voluntary health insurance, meanwhile, has been growing at a tremendous rate, with seventy-four per cent of all under sixty-five having some measure of health-insurance coverage. This development by itself means a differently organized medical world, since it involves a third party at the crucial nexus of payment. And while it has tended to be a leveler, modifying the disparities in medical care among the various income classes, health insurance has also led to an alarming degree of abuse such as excessive fees, fee splitting, and unnecessary surgery, all helping to augment medical costs.

It is curious and somewhat embarrassing that at the heart of the tension in medicine is this anxiety over the buck. Richard Carter in his polemical but generally convincing book too often overstates the point. Yet the evidence leaves us little doubt that, despite his exalted role of combined scientific seer and dedicated healer, the doctor, at least as revealed through the A.M.A., bows to no man in pecuniary ambition. Mr. Carter is assiduous, not to say aggressive, in establishing the reasons for the A.M.A.'s resistance to change. He details its hostility to group practice, schedule fees, group prepayment plans, one-price-all-under-one-roof service, expanded Federal aid to medical education, and compulsory health insurance. He traces the A.M.A. stand on all the controversial issues of ethics and economics. Its position is invariably shown to stem from fear of losing control of the prevailing private-fee system. Professor Eckstein's excellent study is limited to the British National Health Service. Yet indirectly his book fortifies Carter's thesis.

AGITATION for Federal hospitalization, nursing-home care, and surgical services for Social Security beneficiaries continues against a background of daily reminders in the press about the rising number of feeble aged, who survive thanks to medicine's scientific progress. Dr. A. L. Lansing of the Gerontological Society asserted recently that elimination of cancer and heart disease might constitute a "major disaster." The reason he gave is that we are unequipped to meet the huge added costs for care of the chronically ill that would result from a population living to a hundred, when already we are overwhelmed in financing the kind of comprehensive care everyone is now demanding as a matter of right.

Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Arthur Flemming hardly overstates when he calls the issue of Federal intervention "one of the basic issues facing the country today." Though his department's report to the House Ways and Means Committee on this problem characteristically makes no recommendations, it carefully weighs the Federal provision of hospitalization and nursing-home coverage for Social Security beneficiaries and perforce touches upon related issues of medical and surgical care. The likelihood is that an AFL-CIO backed proposal for Federal care will succeed with the new Congress. As introduced by Aime J. Forand, it failed a year ago, but the Rhode Island representative has introduced his bill again, reiterating his argument that only two out of five old-age beneficiaries have health insurance. Such a measure would authorize the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to negotiate medical and surgical fees to pay for these services. As nervous medical and insurance leaders construe it, this would mean that Federal "regulation" of private doctors would then be only a step away.

To forestall this, the A.M.A.'s powerful policymaking House of Delegates recently proposed that physicians voluntarily reduce their fees to the elderly. They have reportedly discussed this with voluntary health insurers like Blue Shield, in the apparent hope that this might permit development of prepayment plans with lower premiums commensurate with the old people's slim financial resources. The insurance industry also is beginning to realize that by losing the initiative in health-care planning to government and labor it may forfeit enormous markets, as has happened in Canada, where the provincial governments have, as of this year, pre-empted the

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basic hospital-insurance field. For one thing, the insurance industry is striving belatedly to protect those over sixty-five through a variety of voluntary health-insurance mechanisms. Up to now, the elderly, those most in need of help, have frequently been left high and dry, most gallingly perhaps in the case of those whose retirement or dismissal for age means cancellation of their group insurance.

The industry has made its most solid contribution in the creation of major medical insurance, which in essence is a means of underwriting the really big expenses by leaving the little ones up to the policyholder. Such coverage is growing apace. In Washington, meanwhile, Senator James E. Murray (D., Montana) and Representative John D. Dingell (D., Michigan), son of the late co-sponsor of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bills for compulsory national health insurance, are preparing a new plan they will sponsor this year.

ACTUARIAL MAGIC, however, cannot solve the basic problem: obsolescent, inefficient medical practices and facilities plus abuse would make the costs of all-embracing, comprehensive coverage prohibitive. Reform is not to be effected through underwriting ingenuity or by cutting operational costs, but only by reform of medical practice itself. The merit of both Carter's and Harry Eckstein's books is in documenting the need for medical practices to respond to the changes in medical science and the changes in our society if we are to enjoy the fruits of current medical knowledge.

Eckstein's painstaking chronicle of the factors leading up to the advent of the British National Health Service is more instructive for Americans than even his scholarly evaluation of the plan's merits and shortcomings. For years now the American public has been given slanted accounts in the big-circulation magazines and in inspired press dispatches, depicting the doctors in revolt, the patients outraged, and the national budget grossly overburdened by high costs from the public abuse of services. Eckstein, a professor of government at Harvard with no ax to grind, sets these matters straight and in his account of NHS's background demonstrates that the change simply had to come, so absurdly inefficient and inadequate was the old system.

The minimum one can say for NHS is that it has meant more people receiving better medical care than ever before. There is a vast improvement in the distribution of medical practitioners. And though it will come as a surprise to the misled American audience, Eckstein shows that the relatively low cost of the service (British expenditure on medical care is proportionately smaller than American) can be counted among its achievements. Furthermore, the much-feared bureaucratic tyranny over the profession has not materialized. It is no surprise that the overwhelming majority of the people favor the service, that it is an accepted part of the British scene, with the Conservatives claiming co-paternity of NHS, and that even the British Medical Association has gone along with it voluntarily.

On the whole, both general practitioners, who are paid on a per capita basis, and the specialists, who are paid by salary, are better off financially than in the pre-NHS era. Patients do retain a free choice of their doctor, and at the same time no doctor is compelled to accept any patient. The profession itself was dominant in fashioning the service, and has a substantial voice in managing it. Finally, the gravest shortcomings of the service stem from the system it inherited and has had to build upon plus the stringencies imposed by a Treasury hypersensitive to expenditure.

ON THE DEBIT SIDE, Eckstein writes: "Almost everyone agrees that general practice is the worst problem area of the Service. And there is little doubt as to what the real crux of the difficulty is: the failure of the Service to promote group practice on a large scale. . . ." This comment brings us back to Mr. Carter's central theme. Among the farthest-reaching innovations in American practice are the ventures into various forms of group practice coupled with prepayment, such as the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York (HIP) and the new Community Health Association plan of Detroit. The latter is a consumer-sponsored prepaid group-practice plan backed by the UAW, with Walter Reuther as president. Still in its preliminary stages, it is being watched with close interest as an undertaking that could spread throughout the industrial Middle West.

The case for group practice presented by Eckstein and Carter is difficult to fault. Eckstein comments that solo practice is giving way to group throughout the world. Group pooling of resources makes available expensive diagnostic and other equipment beyond the means of the average individual doctor. Reduction of overhead expenses usually means the possibility of higher income. Since he can share office help and technicians, the doctor can cut down on his clerical expenses and on valuable time lost doing administrative chores. Group practice can give doctors the stimulus and technical advice made possible through working contact with associated physicians with special competences. The defined work schedule shared with colleagues allows for planned leisure and study. It even permits the general practitioner a degree of specialization. Most important, it means providing the patient with medical care at the hands of a consciously balanced panel of doctors, care of a scope and caliber usually beyond the means of the average solo practitioner. Furthermore, the patient benefits by having his medical service concentrated in one spot, facilitating consultation and giving unity and continuity to his care. And group practice has been notably free of such abuses as excessive fees, fee splitting, and unnecessary surgery.

GROUP PRACTICE alone cannot usher in the millennium. It is susceptible to the evils of regimentation and bureaucratic treatment of the patient. Nor by itself does group practice solve such problems as our badly underfinanced medical schools, too few medical students, too little money for research, and the inflated hospital costs arising from excessive use of the hospital in diagnosis and as a shelter for the ambulatory. Yet all of medicine's problems are seen to interrelate when scrutinized intensively. Group practice combined with prepayment now seems the most likely next stage in the quickening evolution of medical practice.

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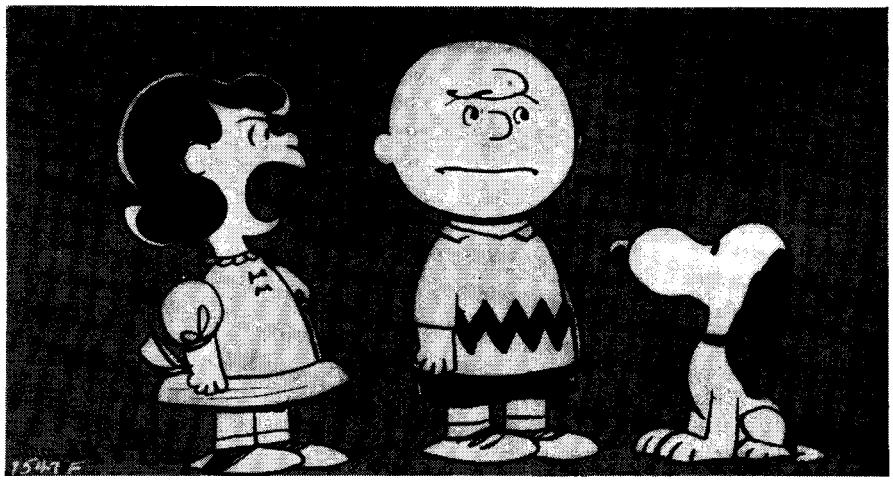

Good Grief, More Peanuts!

GERALD WEALES

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND, CHARLIE BROWN!, by Charles M. Schulz. *Rinehart. $1.*

The debut of *Peanuts,* Charles M. Schulz's comic strip about the adventures of Charlie Brown and his friends, occurred modestly in October, 1950, in eight newspapers. Since then, as an examination of the six published *Peanuts* books shows, the characters have become clearly defined and differentiated, the drawing sharper and more detailed, the wit more personal. The standard comic-strip gags—cute-child variety—that shared space with originality in the first of the collections, *Peanuts* (1952), have given way to fantasy and a slightly satiric, slightly satanic logic.

As the strip has developed, its popularity has grown. The six paperbacks have, in the good round figures of the publisher, sold over a million copies, and the strip is carried—daily or Sunday—by more than 450 papers. Vinyl figures of Charlie Brown and the dog Snoopy—which without seeing I know I do not want on my desk—are about to flood the drugstores of America. A popular song about a Charlie Brown, which has no connection with the cartoonist, his publisher, or United Features, which handles the strip, is cashing in on the *Peanuts* excitement and at the same time helping to feed it. Schulz has stirred up more adherents among intellectual comic-strip readers than any of the younger cartoonists except probably Walt Kelly; and *Peanuts,* like *Pogo,* commands intense loyalty. The staunchest followers, on and off college campuses, have even substituted Charlie Brown's exclamation of exasperation, "Oh, good grief," for meatier curses.

WHEN the first of the *Peanuts* books appeared, a note at the front, an interior blurb, declared that "*Peanuts* is just about the most original strip to appear since George Herriman's *Krazy Kat* in its prime." The claim is a little misleading. It is Walt Kelly and not Schulz whose work bears comparison with Herriman's, but perhaps that is what the blurbist meant by "just about." *Pogo,* like *Krazy Kat,* is a complicated creation that develops situations over a period of time; *Peanuts,* although there are occasional variations on a theme, is a one-strip-one-joke affair. Kelly, like Herriman, has a remarkable sense of verbal play; Schulz, when the language is at all unusual, depends for his humor on the incongruity of adult jargon in the mouths of children. The antecedents of *Peanuts* are not in Herriman. Schulz's distinction is that he has taken over the familiar comic strip about children and turned it into something peculiarly his own.

Ordinarily, the child strip has taken one of two forms. Either the child, as in the classic *The Katzenjammer Kids,* is pitted against the adult world in a violent antagonism, or else his mishaps and pranks are indulgently considered. Hank Ketcham's popular *Dennis the Menace* manages to combine both, having softened the Katzenjammer monster into a recognizable brat and having laced the whole concoction with a sentiment that is only occasionally cloying. In either case the child is seen only in relation to the adult. Schulz's originality lies in his having banished adults from his strip. Parents have dwindled to offstage voices, like distant gods, as impersonal as the weather and demanding the same kind of adjustment from the characters.

Charlie Brown and his neighbors are interested in the things that preoccupy all children—sports and games, rain and snow, candy and ice cream—but the realistic concern is only a point of departure. The world is a fantasy one. The wonderfully efficient Linus can stand in the outfield, catch sight of a high fly ball, calmly fold and put down the blanket that he carries for comfort, and still make his catch. The variations that Schulz has played on this one gag indicate the increasing whimsicality of his work. Linus has stopped to remove his shoes and climb into the wading pool, or to build a high and improbable sand castle, before catching the always oncoming ball. In the same way Charlie Brown's insistence on playing baseball even in the rain has become more frenetic over the years. In the early, almost realistic, strips he stayed on the field, though the rain was so thick that he could not have seen his opponents had they still been there; now he stands on his pitcher's mound, calling for the cowards to come back, while Snoopy swims by or Linus poles in on a raft from the outfield.

IF THE STRIP were simply concerned with this kind of comic overstatement, it would be amusing and no more. Often, however, the extravagance hinges on some immediately

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perceptible personality quirk. The jealousies, the triumphs, the defeats, the ambitions of the characters in *Peanuts* are all those of real children (and, more important, of real adults); and if they are displayed obliquely, seen in unlikely contexts, voiced in improbable words, that in no way lessens the force with which they strike the reader. This can be seen most clearly in Charlie Brown, the strip's hero (or anti-hero, to use a currently fashionable critical term). Although the things that happen to Charlie Brown's kite—down a sewer, for instance—are unlikely, his failure to fly it, like his failure at checkers, at football, at almost everything, defines him quickly and easily as the perennial patsy. It takes more self-assurance than most men have to keep from suffering the shock of recognition when, once again, Charlie Brown runs trustingly toward the football that Lucy holds, knowing and not knowing that she will pull it away and that he will fall once again full length and defeated. Schulz wisely makes his comments indirectly, in terms of the action of the strip, but once in a while he speaks directly. One of the most impressive of the strips, which unfortunately has not been included in any of the books, finds the children discussing their plans for the distant future of adulthood; asked what he is going to be when he grows up, Charlie Brown answers, "Lonely."

The figures are all reminiscent of the stock comic types of old farce. Charlie Brown, as I have indicated above, is the fall guy, the butt of everyone's jokes. The girls plan parties so that they can fail to invite him, or, if they do ask him, as Patty did in one of the strips, and he calls to say that he will be late, the hostess has to admit that she did not notice that he had not yet arrived. He is regularly in search of signs of affection and just as regularly he is deserted (even by the dog) or chosen last or accepted reluctantly. The title of two of the books, *Good Ol' Charlie Brown* (1957) and *You're Out of Your Mind, Charlie Brown* (1959), indicate the condescension or the belligerency with which he is received. Since it is ordinarily the girls, particularly Lucy, who make Charlie Brown's life miserable, it has been suggested that the strip is a microcosm of America's female-dominated society, a possibility which is amusing to contemplate but which has to face the problem of Schroeder's systematic rejection of Lucy and Linus's occasional rebellion.

Lucy, the second most important figure in the strip, is a mixture of stock types. She is the fuss-budget, the business minder, the henpecking woman; she is the perfect top sergeant; she is also the comic pedant. In her early appearances (she does not turn up until the second book, *More Peanuts*—1954), she is busy counting the stars and the raindrops, later in misexplaining natural phenomena to her brother, finally in offering, as the back of the new book shows, "Psychiatric Care, 5¢." Since the comedy stems from the simplicity of the characters, a relatively small number of situations are used and reused. Schroeder, who plays Beethoven on a toy piano, can be depended on for some jokes in which his artistic soul is tried by his Philistine friends. Linus, who cannot kick the blanket habit, is regularly seen defending his security fetish and describing it in psychological terms that he probably picked up from Lucy. Snoopy, who dreams of being more than a dog, has finally claimed a whole book to himself—*Snoopy* (1958)—in which some of the Snoopy cartoons from earlier books have been reprinted along with a host of new ones illustrating Charlie Brown's complaint that he cannot draw a picture from a real dog model because he does not know any real dogs.

Peanuts is constructed within a narrow formula. If one sits down in cold blood—as I have just done—and reads through all six books, one after another, the repetitiveness becomes apparent. In a sense, the test is unfair, since the books are designed to be opened at random, poked at casually, built as they are of strips that appeared with at least a day between them. The amazing thing is that, despite the repetition, the work as a whole gives off a sense of invention and imagination which is perhaps heightened because the individual character sets up an expectation that has to be both met and avoided. Charlie Brown has to act like Charlie Brown and still, somehow, surprise.

So far Schulz has managed to produce the surprises. The latest book, *You're Out of Your Mind, Charlie Brown,* is funnier, richer, in some ways sadder than the earlier books. Perhaps, one day, invention will flag, mechanical effects will begin to take over, *Peanuts* will become simply a comic strip and not a work of imagination. So far that has not happened.

An Unbridgeable Gap

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

Short Stories, by Luigi Pirandello. *Simon and Schuster. $3.95.*

One doesn't hear much talk in Italy today about Luigi Pirandello. On occasion some of his forty or so plays continue to be produced, and the school anthologies dutifully include one or two of his simpler, less philosophically tangled tales. His greatest novel, *Il Fu Mattia Pascal,* continues to be read. But this Sicilian master, who won a Nobel prize two years before his death in 1936, has become a classic—that is, embalmed and so without very much influence on the living. It is a pity.

Recently I traveled through his native land: a landscape successively rocky as the craters of the moon and tropically lush with palms and cactus and golden oranges glowing in green groves. And against this beauty stand miserable villages in which old women in perpetual mourning bask in the sun, black against crumbling white walls. Elegant cities and death fetishism, funeral notices—even for second cousins—prominently pasted everywhere, mule carts and goats and Greek temples: Sicily is at once the most violent and most introspective part of Italy, and both these qualities one finds abundantly in Pirandello. In this land where the con-

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trast between appearance and reality is appalling, he was born in 1867, at a town called, appropriately enough, Caos—Chaos—near Agrigento. After studies at Palermo and Rome, he went to the University of Bonn, where he drank the metaphysical brew which mixes so strangely with the folk character of his writing. Those agonized preoccupations with illusion and truth, the gap between possibility and actuality, the pulverization of the ego until we are what we think we are—all this is as if, instead of the familiar paladins of Charlemagne and St. George and the dragon, we were to find dour images of Kant and Hegel painted on a peasant cart.

But although the plays—*Six Characters in Search of an Author* or *Henry IV*—tend to become cerebral, the short stories seldom are; the metaphysics is never expressed abstractly but adheres in the situation, taking tangible form in the endless mystery of human relationships. "Everything carries its own misery," reflects a painter in "Candelora," one of the twenty-two stories in this new collection in English, "the distress of being what it is with no hope of *ever* being otherwise. That was exactly what was *new* about his art: suffering expressed through form. He well knew that every humpback must resign himself to his hump. Deeds, too, are like forms. Once a deed is done, nothing can change it."

"SUFFERING expressed through form." Yet Pirandello is not a formalist; he is not an aesthetician; these are not tidy stories. His distinction as an artist, aside from his remarkable dramatic sense, lies in the fact that he is absolutely anti-rhetorical, that he creates a *"verismo"* that is neither photographic realism nor aesthetic self-infatuation. Profoundly subjective, his eye yet looks ever outward. There are no first-person tales here, no autobiography. Even his domestic tragedy—his wife was insane for long periods—is sublimated into an obsession with the problem of personal identity. This writer is interested in his people, not himself, and his style takes its form from their situations, their twistings and turnings in the labyrinth.

Agony, agony, Pirandello is always crying. But he cries it with laughter as often as with tears. His pessimism is always energetic; he lives with his contradictions. Without preaching hope or redemption or salvation in any religious or social or even personal creed, the vigor of his despair gives the lie to it. He reminds me always of his fellow Sicilians dwelling in villages on the slopes of Etna. Periodically over the centuries, the volcano erupts and destroys the villages; periodically, the villagers return and rebuild their homes in exactly the same spot. If one asks them why they do not choose a safer position, leave the precarious slopes altogether, they will reply with sad laughter: *"Boh! Pazienza!"* They are no prisoners of logic, these people, they do not draw the necessary conclusions. Fatalistic, irrational, they survive. They are ebulliently pessimistic, energetically hopeless.

And the intellectual Pirandello is like that. Life, he says, is a horror; we are all trapped. We do not even know who we are. We are one person to our wives, another to our friends, another to our dogs—masks, masks, masks, an endless carnival. We are all characters in search of an Author, and the designs He has traced for us we are unwilling to follow, for they are not our designs. Life is a mess, our mess even if we haven't made it, and we must find our own way out of it. A mother weeps inconsolably because her beloved son has been sent to the front, a prostitute weeps because the whole regiment has been sent. A young beautiful widow burns with desires but turns down her chance of remarriage to prove in the eyes of leering provincials that she has no desires. In the brilliantly executed "Man's Best Friend," the only faithless animal is man. Wife betrays lover as well as husband who is betraying her with her lover's wife. And meanwhile, the poor little dog runs from one to another, trying to fasten his fidelity upon a worthy object.

OF THE PRESENT COLLECTION, twenty-one of the stories have never before been published in English. The choice is for the most part excellent, although one wonders why the uncompleted "Such Is Life" (a poor title for a curiously brooding piece) was included at all. The problem of selection in Pirandello is, according to one's lights, complicated or facilitated by the fact that Pirandello wrote more than 365 short stories, and some left over. In Italian these are usually collected under the title *Novelle per un Anno;* in English the total work has not yet been translated.

Italians rarely suffer for want of words; the trouble sometimes is that they go on talking even when they have ceased to say anything. Pirandello's fecundity, however, is impressive not only because of its generally high quality but because of its range and its depth. Sicilian tales oppressive under the poisonous fumes from the sulphur mines, tales of frustration and love, a small boy's misery, the erosion of age, artists and clerks, men about town, peasants, spinsters, mothers, the poor in gold and the poor in spirit, keepers of kiosks and ladies of the evening—he sees into them all. Seeing into is not looking at, and although this writer is very rich in external reality—glistening Mediterranean seascapes, and bristling mustaches and green eyes, a sense of evening star and yellow moon—yet he brushes by these almost impatiently to get at the core of the mystery: the impossibility of man knowing man. The greatest gap in nature, said William James, is between two minds. That is the gap Pirandello tries to leap, and because he falls into the pit himself he knows that everybody else is doomed to fall into it too.

Pirandello's tales are *told,* they cry to be read aloud; they are, even at their most meditative, always dramas, conversation pieces, and it is understandable that after his 365 short stories Pirandello should have turned to the stage. But even in print, Pirandello marvelously captures the cascade of Italian sounds and gestures. I don't think that the translator, Lily Duplaix, despite many felicitous renderings, has succeeded sufficiently in re-creating the colloquial quality of the original. Surely one is desiccating a style when one breaks up long swirling Italian sentences into sharp clear statements in English, or renders, as in "Who Pays the Piper," *". . . la blanda e chiara sonorità del loro concerto"* as "Their concert was refreshing." This Pirandello, I fear, is a bit too well-mannered.

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BOOK NOTES

PROVIDENCE ISLAND, by Jacquetta Hawkes. *Random House. $3.50.*

You read the first hundred pages of this cleverly contrived novel with growing excitement. It's the first science fiction written for adults since Ray Bradbury turned into William Saroyan, you are apt to exclaim if someone grumbles that it's time to turn out the lights and go to sleep. What's more, the author, Mrs. J. B. Priestley in private life, is a trained scientist who has found that she likes to write rather than a storyteller who has picked up a smattering of scientific jargon in order to embellish a popular novel. The situation is first-rate: On an impulse to break out of his donnish rut, elderly Professor Pennycuick of Oxford outfits an archaeological expedition to investigate the incredible report that certain Stone Age artifacts typical of the Magdalenians, who drew those lovely pictures on the walls of caves in France, had been found by an American pilot when his plane was forced down in an unexplored island in the South Pacific. Pennycuick and his friends reach their enchanted island and dig up enough Magdalenian artifacts to make them all famous. And then they find something even more astonishing—a colony of living Stone Age people. If someone tells you to turn out the light at this point, go ahead and do it. Despite the inevitable unrepressed sexual customs and a rather clever mind-reading trick they've worked out over the millennia, the artsy-crafty human anachronisms of Providence Island somehow manage to combine the most cloying features of the Noble Savage and the Welfare State. And of course this rather dull anthropological daydream has to end somehow, and so here comes the gum-chewing American pilot again, hell-bent to pulverize the Garden of Eden with a hydrogen bomb. Will our kind-hearted friends from Oxford be able to save the beguiling people of Uskadak from the mass murderers' hideous Coke machine? Read Chapter 11 for the unexciting answer.

FRANCE: A MODERN HISTORY, by Albert Guérard. *University of Michigan Press. $8.75.*

It is difficult to imagine contemporary British politics being influenced by enduring pity for the fate of the Princes in the Tower, or partisan fury over the Wars of the Roses or over Cromwell, but the quarrels the French of our times engage in, with no passions ever spent, are always the projection and continuation of the oldest of their battles. This elephantine memory has given dramatic unity to the endless variety of France's adventures as the nation progressed, under every known system of good and bad government, down the centuries to the present. It is as if the same company of players were always on stage acting out variations on the theme of the oppressed endlessly challenging the oppressor. The costumes will change, female roles will be given to men: the Queen will no longer have lost her necklace; it will be the ministers of a Third Republic cabinet losing their reputation in the scandal of Panama. Stagehands will change the sets: a stupid King will no longer proceed for illicit pleasures to the Deer Park; a stupid President will let in a furtive mistress through the modest gardens of the Elysée. Vercingetorix, Bayard, Condé, Dumouriez at Valmy, Napoleon in Moscow, Joffre and Foch, all speaking in alexandrines, will create in victory or defeat—it is immaterial which—the military legend. All this, the noisy and dramatic parade of governments, scandals and wars, material achievement and failure, is placed into perspective in Albert Guérard's remarkably balanced and vivid account, made secondary to the achievements of the French people, to the interest that nation has for the world.

THE TRADITION OF THE NEW, by Harold Rosenberg. *Horizon Press. $4.95.*

Though the publisher has done his best to disguise the fact, this is a collection of essays written over the past twenty years. Those who are meeting up with Mr. Rosenberg for the first time will not find him an easy writer to go along with. He needs getting used to; but he is very much worth the effort. His is an acute and original mind, with a passion for the abstract and metaphysical that is united to a radical insight into the political and social context of ideas. All in all, Mr. Rosenberg is the finest type of French intellectual, which may explain why he is not better known in this his own country. He is interested in Marxism, poetry, religion, and politics, and comprehends them all as aspects of one human totality. The first six essays, dealing with "American Painting Today," are a particularly valuable guide to "action painting" or *tachisme* or abstract expressionism or whatever it was that Jackson Pollock was doing. Mr. Rosenberg is the quasi-official philosopher and spokesman for that movement, and he makes considerable sense in explaining why the paintings don't try to.

THE WATCH THAT ENDS THE NIGHT, by Hugh MacLennan. *Scribner's. $3.95.*

This is the story of Catherine Stewart, a "woman well and truly loved," who, because of a congenital heart defect, "must learn to live her own death." It is also the story of the two men who love her: the one a professional intellectual, dispassionately uninvolved in the fundamental battle for men's souls that characterizes his time; the other a wildly impetuous surgeon, who is swept away from Catherine and from Canada to the Spanish Civil War. Mr. MacLennan, Canada's foremost novelist, has written more than a substantial and mature novel about the loving of life in the midst of death. *The Watch That Ends the Night* is a detailed and analytic reflection of the changing intellectual and political climate of Canada from the twenties through the fifties. Further, there is here an element of the psychological melodrama. It is Graham Greene with the mysticism gone nondenominational. There is sin (in the form of failure of understanding and of nerve) and there is expiation in the form of growing acceptance and courage. And for those who know Montreal, there are magnificent descriptions of the city.

BELOW THE TIDE, by Penelope Tremayne. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.*

Here is an English newspaperwoman's account of the year she spent as a Red Cross field officer in Cyprus. Miss Tremayne describes, in a series of adventures, her attempt to break through the formidable barrier of fear, prejudice, and misunderstanding created by British officialdom and by the Greek and Turkish Cypriots alike. If she almost sounds a little too cute to be true, it should be stated that Miss Tremayne nowhere betrays a sign of the "restless natives" attitude toward the Cypriots that marked some of her countrymen. On the contrary, she manages to maintain her constant sympathy and occasional sternness without ever being patronizing. She arrived in Cyprus with a speaking knowledge of Greek, great curiosity, and a tendency to run toward rather than away from danger. She left believing that the majority of Greek Cypriots while hostile to the British were the gullible, misinformed victims of EOKA propaganda and official stupidity. Although a political settlement has now been reached in Cyprus, Miss Tremayne's insight into the techniques of intimidation and rumor that largely made up the Cyprus war of nerves will continue to be relevant as the three communities get down to the business of living together. Equally interesting is the character of the author herself, who, in the face of awful danger, was more often exasperated than afraid: when a group of villagers hold a council in one's presence on whether or not to push one in one's old Land Rover right over a cliff here and now, well, it really is a bit much.

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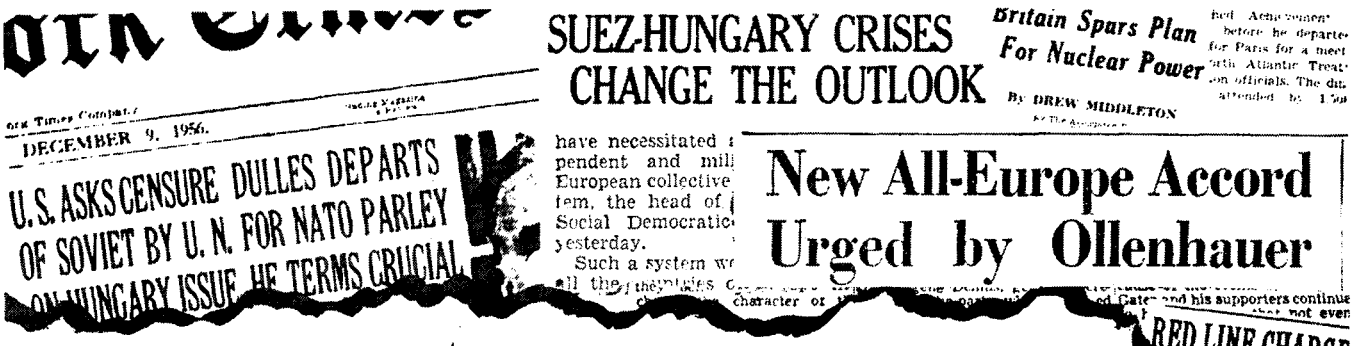

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